



# THE NEW YORK EVANGELIST.

---

**"The New York Evangelist is one of the oldest and best Religious Newspapers in the World."** So wrote HENRY WARD BEECHER some years ago, and since that time it has at least grown "older," and its conductors hope it has also grown "better."

One great feature of THE EVANGELIST is its **RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE** including **News of Ministers and Churches, Reports of Religious Bodies, Letters from Pastors and Laymen in all parts of the Country, and from Missionaries Abroad**, which makes a weekly **CHRONICLE OF THE PROGRESS OF RELIGION IN EVERY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE.**

This mass of Religious News is not given as mere statistics, but furnishes the text for **EDITORIAL COMMENTS AND DISCUSSIONS**, in which are engaged the pens of a number of the **Ablest Writers in the Presbyterian Church.**

## REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER,

the most popular Religious Writer in this country, furnishes an article every week.

Another conspicuous feature of THE EVANGELIST for some years has been the

### **Letters of Travel by the Editor, REV. HENRY M. FIELD, D.D.,**

of which the late DR. WILLIAM ADAMS said: **"They are the best of the kind ever written, and will do him boundless credit."**

The coming year he proposes to write a New Series, describing

### **A THOUSAND MILES IN AFRICA: FROM TANGIER TO TUNIS.**

Two or three columns a week are given to the **BOOKS OF THE DAY.**

Its **INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS** by Dr. A. E. Kittredge, have been said by a bishop of the Episcopal Church to be "worth those published in all the other papers together."

Its **DEPARTMENT FOR CHILDREN** contains short sketches and stories, and all sorts of good counsel for the little folks at home.

As a large part of its readers live in the country, and are farmers, it has a well-furnished

**AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT**, which, with the **Scientific Intelligence, Topics Relating to Health**, and a great variety of **Miscellaneous Information**, make

## **A COMPLETE FAMILY NEWSPAPER.**

**TERMS: \$3.00 A YEAR, POSTPAID.**

Any one sending the name of a New Subscriber, with \$3.00, will receive Dr. Field's latest volume, **OLD SPAIN AND NEW SPAIN**; or if preferred, **AMONG THE HOLY HILLS**, or **THE GREEK ISLANDS AND TURKEY AFTER THE WAR**. These three volumes with three others, **ON THE DESERT, FROM EGYPT TO JAPAN**, and **FROM THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY TO THE GOLDEN HORN**, form a set of Six volumes, published at \$10.50, the whole of which can be secured for any Sunday-School Library on easy conditions, which may be learned by writing directly to the office.

Specimen copies will be sent free, if desired, for one month from any given date.

Address **NEW YORK EVANGELIST**, (Box 2330), New York City.







# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume LKV. }

No. 2323. — January 5, 1889.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CLXXX. }

## CONTENTS.

I. STYLE. By Walter Pater, . . . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , . . . . .	3
II. WHICH WINS? . . . . .	<i>Murray's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	13
III. THE FUTURE OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY. By Archdeacon Farrar, . . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . . . .	22
IV. IRISH HOUSEKEEPING AND IRISH CUSTOMS IN THE LAST CENTURY, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	27
V. THE BEOTHUKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND, . . . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> , . . . . .	36
VI. SOCIETY POETS, . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar</i> , . . . . .	48
VII. MY RIDE TO SHESHOUAN, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	53
VIII. THE CIRCUITS, . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .	58
IX. THE SUBMISSION OF GREAT BRITAIN TO QUEENSLAND, . . . . .	<i>Economist</i> , . . . . .	60
X. THE TRAINING OF KINGS, . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .	62

## POETRY.

TO PHILLIS, TEN MONTHS OLD, . . . . .	2	ENGLISH SAPPHICS, . . . . .	2
THE WORK OF A LIFETIME, . . . . .	2		

MISCELLANY, . . . . .	64
-----------------------	----

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For Eight Dollars, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## TO PHILLIS, TEN MONTHS OLD.

BABY Phillis, lady fair,  
 Fat and small of size,  
 With the sun's gold in your hair,  
 And the sea's blue in your eyes;  
 How I wonder what your will is,  
 Winsome Phillis!

When you point with tiny hand  
 At your tiny toe,  
 How am I to understand  
 What you mean by doing so?  
 Prithce tell me what your will is,  
 Dainty Phillis!

When you, wide-mouthed, on the floor  
 Like a birdling sit, —  
 Twenty different notes try o'er  
 In a pretty talking fit, —  
 Guess it, can I, what your will is,  
 Saucy Phillis?

When you suddenly, untaught,  
 Clap your hands amain,  
 Is it that some new sweet thought  
 Flashes through your baby-brain?  
 Come, unriddle what your will is,  
 Merry Phillis!

When you gravely fingering scan  
 Tiniest scatterings,  
 Studying the atomic plan  
 Are you, in those specks of things?  
 Who can fathom what your will is,  
 Quaintest Phillis?

To the ceiling when you raise  
 Finger and rapt face,  
 Dear new-comer, do you gaze  
 Back towards your heavenly place?  
 Half I fancy what your will is,  
 Happy Phillis!

But when you come crawling after  
 Me with eyes ashine,  
 And with sudden burst of laughter  
 Stretch your small, plump arms to mine, —  
 Ah! I know then what your will is,  
 Darling Phillis!

W. TREGO WEBB.

Calcutta, September.

Spectator.

## THE WORK OF A LIFETIME.

In the flush of youth's beginning,  
 When renown seems worth the winning  
 By a score of schemes accomplished  
 Ere the eve of life draws nigh,  
 Then the mind surveys with pleasure  
 All the length of life and leisure  
 For researches carried forward  
 To completion ere we die.

But the march of time, incessant,  
 Proves our hopes are evanescent,  
 And the plans of finished labors  
 Dwindle down to two or one;

Strange delays, all unexpected,  
 One by one appear, detected,  
 And the more we do, the greater  
 Seems the task that lies undone.

Still, as year to year succeedeth,  
 Each in turn more swiftly speedeth;  
 Fifty years soon fly behind us,  
 And are dwindled to a span;  
 Still the final day draws nearer,  
 And the truth grows ever clearer  
 That a life is all too little  
 To complete the cherish'd plan.

What remains? Shall we, defeated,  
 From the project uncompleted  
 Draw aloof, and seek for solace  
 In an indolent repose?  
 Rather be the strife redoubled,  
 Though the light grow dim and troubled,  
 As the swiftly falling twilight  
 Hastens onward to its close.

No! let never the suggestion  
 Of thy weakness raise a question  
 Of the duty that lies on thee  
 Still to follow on the trace;  
 Every stroke of true endeavor  
 Often wins, and wins forever,  
 Just a golden grain of knowledge  
 Such as lifts the human race.

Truth is one! To grasp it wholly  
 Lies in One — its author — solely;  
 And the mind of man can fathom  
 But a fragment of the plan;  
 Every scheme, howe'er extensive,  
 Though it seem all-comprehensive,  
 Is a portion of a portion,  
 Fitting life's allotted span.

Death is near; and then — what matter  
 Though a coming hand shall shatter  
 All the fair but fragile fabric  
 Thou laboriously didst raise;  
 If a single brick abideth  
 That thine honest toil provideth,  
 Thou hast borne thy part right nobly,  
 Thou shalt win the Master's praise!  
 Academy. WALTER W. SKEAT.

## ENGLISH SAPPHICS.

(Horace to his cup-bearer; Odes, i. 38.)

Boy, we despise that revel of the Persian,  
 Loathe the lime-wreath,\* so delicately woven;  
 Dream not of where some sunny rose may  
 linger  
 Later in autumn!

Twine me thy chaplet, be it only myrtle!  
 Myrtle would grace thee, filler of the winecup,  
 Myrtle would grace me, quaffing here beneath  
 this  
 Vine-trellis arbor!  
 HALLAM TENNYSON.

Macmillan's Magazine.

\* Made of lime-bark interwoven with flowers.

From The Fortnightly Review.  
STYLE.

BY WALTER PATER.

SINCE all progress of mind consists for the most part in differentiation, in the severance of an obscure complex into its parts or phases, it is surely the stupidest of losses to wear off the edge of achieved distinctions, and confuse things which right reason has put asunder — poetry and prose, for instance; or, to speak more exactly, the characteristic laws and excellences of prose and verse composition. On the other hand, those who have dwelt most emphatically on the distinction between prose and verse, prose and poetry, may sometimes have been tempted to limit the proper functions of prose too narrowly; which again is at least false economy, as being, in effect, the renunciation of a certain means or faculty, in a world where after all we must needs make the most of things. Critical efforts to limit art *a priori*, by anticipations regarding the natural incapacity of the material with which this or that artist works, as the sculptor with solid form, or the prose-writer with the ordinary language of men, are always liable to be annulled by the facts of artistic production; and while prose is actually found to be a colored thing with Bacon, picturesque with Livy and Carlyle, musical with Cicero and Newman, mystical and intimate with Plato and Michelet and Sir Thomas Browne, exalted or florid it may be with Milton and Taylor, it will be useless to protest that it can be nothing at all, except something very tamely and narrowly confined to mainly practical ends — a kind of "good round-hand;" as useless as the protest that poetry might not touch prosaic subjects as with Wordsworth, or an abstruse matter as with Browning, or treat contemporary life nobly as with Tennyson. In subordination to one essential beauty in all good literary style, in all literature as a fine art, as there are many beauties of poetry so the beauties of prose are many, and it is the business of criticism to estimate them as such; as it is good in the criticism of verse to look for those hard, logical, and quasi-prosaic excellences which that too has or needs. To find in

the poem, amid the flowers, the allusions, the mixed perspectives, of Lycidas for instance, the thought, the logical structure, how wholesome! how delightful! — as to identify in prose what we call the poetry, the imaginative power, not treating it as out of place and a kind of gipsy intruder, but by way of an estimate of its rights, that is, of its achieved powers, there.

Dryden, with the characteristic instinct of his age, loved to emphasize the distinction between poetry and prose, the protest against their confusion with each other, coming with somewhat diminished effect from one whose poetry was so prosaic. In truth, his sense of prosaic excellence limited his verse rather than his prose, which is not only fervid, richly figured, poetic, as we say, but vitiated, all unconsciously, by many a scanning line. Setting up correctness, that humble merit of prose, as the central literary excellence, he is really a less correct writer than he may seem, still with an imperfect mastery of the relative pronoun. It might have been foreseen that, in the rotation of minds, the province of poetry in prose would find its assertor; and, a century after Dryden, amid very different intellectual needs, and with the need therefore of great modifications in literary form, the range of the poetic force in literature was effectively enlarged by Wordsworth. The true distinction between prose and poetry he regarded as the almost technical or accidental one of the absence or presence of metrical beauty, or say metrical restraint; and for him the opposition came to be between verse and prose of course (you can't scan Wordsworth's prose), but, as the essential dichotomy in this matter, between imaginative and unimaginative writing, parallel to De Quincey's distinction between "the literature of power and the literature of knowledge," in the former of which the composer gives us not fact, but his peculiar sense of fact, whether past or present, or prospective, it may be, as often in oratory.

Dismissing then, under sanction of Wordsworth, that harsher opposition of poetry to prose as savoring in fact of the arbitrary psychology of the last century,

and with it the prejudice that there can be but one only beauty of prose style, I propose in this paper to point out certain qualities of all literature as a fine art, which, if they apply to the literature of fact, apply still more to the literature of the imaginative sense of fact, while they apply indifferently to verse and prose, so far as either is really imaginative — certain conditions of true art in both alike, which conditions may also contain in them the secret of the proper discrimination and guardianship of the peculiar excellences of either.

The line between fact and something quite different from external fact, is, indeed, hard to draw. In Pascal, for instance, in the persuasive writers generally, how difficult to define the point where, from time to time, argument which, if it is to be worth anything at all, must consist of facts or groups of facts, becomes a pleading — a theorem no longer, but essentially an appeal to the reader to catch the writer's spirit, to think with him, if one can or will — an expression no longer of fact but of his sense of it, his peculiar intuition of a world, prospective, or discerned below the faulty conditions of the present, in either case changed somewhat from the actual one. In science, on the other hand, in history so far as it conforms to scientific rule, we have a literary domain in which imagination may be thought to be always an intruder. And as in all science the functions of literature reduce themselves eventually to the transcript of fact, so the literary excellences of its form are reducible to various kinds of painstaking; this good quality being involved in all "skilled work" whatever, in the drafting of an act of Parliament, as in sewing. Yet here again, the writer's sense of fact, in history especially, and all those complex subjects which do but lie on the borders of science, will still take the place of fact, in various degrees. Your historian, for instance, with absolutely truthful intention, amid the multitude of facts presented to him must needs select, and in selecting assert something of his own humor, something that comes not of the world without but of a vision within. So Gibbon moulds his unwieldy

material to a preconceived view. Livy, Tacitus, Michelet, moving amid the records of the past full of poignant sensibility, each after his own sense modifies, who can tell how and where? and becomes something else than a transcriber; each, as he thus modifies, passing into the domain of art proper. For just in proportion as the writer's aim, consciously or unconsciously, comes to be a transcript, not of the world, not of mere fact, but of his sense of it, he becomes an artist, his work *fine* art; and good art (as I hope ultimately to show) in proportion to the truth of his presentment of that sense; as in those humbler or plainer functions of literature also, truth — truth to bare fact there — is the essence of such artistic quality as they may have. Truth! there can be no merit, no craft at all without that. And further, all beauty is in the long run only fineness of truth — expression — the finer accommodation of speech to that vision within.

The transcript of his sense of fact rather than the fact, as being preferable, pleasanter, more beautiful to him. In literature, as in every other product of human skill, in the moulding of a bell or a platter, for instance, wherever this sense asserts itself, wherever the producer so modifies his work as, over and above its primary use or intention, to make it pleasing (to himself, of course, in the first instance) there, "fine" as opposed to merely serviceable art, exists. Literary art, that is, like all art which is in any way imitative or reproductive of fact — form, or color, or incident — is the representation of such fact as connected with soul, of a specific personality, its preferences, its volition and power.

Such is the matter of imaginative or artistic literature — this transcript, not of mere fact, but of fact in its infinite variety, as modified by human preference, in all its infinitely varied forms. It will be good literary art not because it is brilliant or sober, or rich, or impulsive, or severe; but just in proportion as its representation of that sense — that soul-fact — is true, verse being only one department of such literature, and imaginative prose, it may be thought, being the special art of the

modern world. That imaginative prose should be the special and opportune art of the modern world results from two important facts about the latter: first, the chaotic variety and complexity of its interests, making the intellectual issue, the really master currents of the present time incalculable — a condition of mind little susceptible of the restraint proper to verse form, so that the most characteristic verse of the nineteenth century has been lawless verse; and secondly, an all-pervading naturalism, a curiosity about everything whatever as it really is — involving a certain humility of attitude cognate to what must, after all, be the less ambitious form of literature. And prose thus asserting itself as the special and privileged artistic faculty of the present day, will be, however critics may try to narrow its scope, as varied in its excellence as humanity itself reflecting on the facts of its latest experience — an instrument of many stops, meditative, observant, descriptive, eloquent, analytic, severe, fervid. Its beauties will be not exclusively "pedestrian;" it will exert, in due measure, all the varied charms of poetry, down to the rhythm which, as in Cicero, or Michelet, or Newman, at their best, gives its musical value to every syllable.

The literary artist is of necessity a scholar, and in what he proposes to do will have in mind, first of all, the scholar and the scholarly conscience — the male conscience in this matter, as we must think it under a system of education which still to so large an extent limits real scholarship to men. In his self-criticism, he supposes always that sort of reader who will go (all over eyes) warily, considerably, though without consideration for him, over the ground which the female conscience traverses so lightly, so amiably. For the material in which he works is no more a creation of his own than the sculptor's marble. Product of a myriad various minds and contending tongues, compact of obscure and minute association, a language has its own abundant and often recondite laws, in the habitual and summary recognition of which scholarship consists. A writer, full of a matter he is before all things anxious to express, may think of

those laws, the limitations of vocabulary, structure, and the like, as a restriction, but if a real artist will find in them an opportunity. His punctilious observance of the proprieties of his medium will diffuse through all he writes a general air of sensibility, of refined usage. *Exclusiones debite nature* — the exclusions, or rejections, which nature demands — we know how a large part these play, according to Bacon, in the science of nature. In a somewhat changed sense, we might say that the art of the scholar is summed up in the observance of those rejections demanded by the nature of his medium, the material he must use. Alive to the value of an atmosphere in which every term finds its utmost degree of expression, and with all the jealousy of a lover of words, he will resist a constant tendency on the part of the majority of those who use them to efface the distinctions of language, the faculty of writers often reinforcing in this respect the work of the vulgar. He will feel the obligation not of the laws only but of those affinities, avoidances, those mere preferences of his language, which through the associations of literary history have become a part of its nature, prescribing the rejection of many a neology, many a license, many a gipsy phrase which might present itself as actually expressive. His appeal, again, is to the scholar, who has great experience in literature, and will show no favor for short cuts, or hackneyed illustration, or an affectation of learning designed for the unlearned. Hence a contention, a sense of self-restraint and renunciation, having for the susceptible reader the effect of a challenge for minute consideration; the attention of the writer, in every minutest detail, being a pledge that it is worth the reader's while to be attentive too, that the writer is dealing scrupulously with his instrument, and therefore, indirectly, with the reader himself, that he has the science of the instrument he plays on, perhaps, after all, with a freedom which in such case will be the freedom of a master.

For meanwhile, braced only by those restraints, he is really vindicating his liberty in the making of a vocabulary, an entire system of composition, for himself, his own true manner; and when we speak



of the manner of a true master we mean what is essential in his art. Pedantry being only the scholarship of *le cuistre* (we have no English equivalent) he is no pedant, and does but show his intelligence of the rules of language in his freedoms with it, addition or expansion, which like the spontaneities of manner in a well-bred person will still further illustrate good taste. The right vocabulary! Translators have not invariably seen how all-important that is in the work of translation, driving for the most part at idiom or construction; whereas, if the original be first-rate, one's first care should be with its elementary particles; Plato, for instance, being often reproducible by an exact following, with no variation in structure, of word after word, as the pencil follows a drawing under tracing-paper, so only each word or syllable be not of false color, to change my figure a little.

Well! that is because any writer worth translating at all has winnowed and searched through his vocabulary, is conscious of the words he would select if he read a dictionary, and still more of the words he would reject were the dictionary other than Johnson's; and doing this with his peculiar sense of the world ever in view, in search of an instrument for the adequate expression of that, begets a vocabulary faithful to the coloring of his own spirit, and in the strictest sense original. That living authority which language needs lies, in truth, in its scholars, who recognizing always that every language possesses a genius, a very fastidious genius, of its own, expand at once and purify its very elements, which must needs change along with the changing thoughts of living people. Ninety years ago, for instance, great mental force, certainly, was needed by Wordsworth, to break through the consecrated poetic associations of a century, and speak the language that was his, and was to become in a measure the language of the next generation. But he did it with the tact of a scholar also. English, for a quarter of a century past, has been assimilating the phraseology of pictorial art; for half a century, the phraseology of the great German metaphysical movement of eighty years ago; in part also the language of mystical theology; and none but pedants will regret a great consequent increase of its resources. For many years to come its enterprise may well lie in the naturalization of the vocabulary of science, so only it be under the eye of a sensitive scholarship; in a liberal naturalization of

the ideas of science too, for after all the chief stimulus of good style is to possess a full, rich, complex matter to grapple with. The literary artist therefore will be well aware of physical science; science too attaining, in its turn, its true literary ideal. And then, as the scholar is nothing without the historic sense, he will be apt to restore not really obsolete or really worn-out words, but the finer edge of words still in use; ascertain, communicate, discover — words like these it has been part of our "business" to misuse. And still as language was made for man, he will be no authority for correctnesses which, limiting freedom of utterance, were yet but accidents in their origin; as if one vowed not to say "its," which ought to have been in Shakespeare; "his" and "hers," for inanimate things, being but a barbarous and really inexpressive survival. Yet we have known many things like that. Racy Saxon monosyllables, close to us as touch and sight, he will intermix readily with those long, savorful Latin words, rich in "second intention." In this late day certainly, no critical process can be conducted reasonably without eclecticism. Of such eclecticism we have a justifying example in one of the first poets of our time. How illustrative of monosyllabic effect, of sonorous Latin, of the phraseology of science, of metaphysic, of colloquialism even, are the writings of Tennyson; yet with what a fine, fastidious scholarship throughout!

A scholar writing for the scholarly, he will of course leave something to the willing intelligence of his reader. "To go preach to the first passer-by," says Montaigne, "to become tutor to the ignorance of the first I meet, is a thing I abhor;" a thing, in fact, naturally distressing to the scholar, who will therefore ever be shy of offering uncomplimentary assistance to the reader's wit. To really strenuous minds there is a pleasurable stimulus in the challenge for a continuous effort on their part, to be rewarded by securer and more intimate grasp of the author's sense. Self-restraint, a skilful economy of means — *ascēsis* — that too has a beauty of its own; and for the reader supposed there will be an æsthetic satisfaction in that frugal closeness of style which makes the most of a word, in the exaction from every sentence of a precise relief, in the just spacing out of word to thought — the logically filled space — connected always with the delightful sense of difficulty overcome.

Different classes of persons, at different times, make, of course, very various

demands upon literature. Still, scholars, I suppose, and not only scholars but all disinterested lovers of books, will always look to it, as in all other fine art, for a refuge, a sort of cloistral refuge, from a certain vulgarity in the actual world. A perfect poem like "Lycidas," a perfect fiction like "Transformation," the perfect handling of a theory like Newman's "Idea of a University," has for them something of the uses of a religious "retreat." Here, then, with a view to the central need of a select few, those "men of a finer thread," who have formed and maintain the literary ideal — everything, every component element, will have undergone exact trial, and, above all, there will be no uncharacteristic or tarnished or vulgar decoration, permissible ornament being for the most part structural or necessary. As the painter in his picture, so the artist in his book, aims at the production by honorable artifice of a peculiar atmosphere. "The artist," says Schiller, "may be known rather by what he *omits*;" and in literature, too, the true artist may be best recognized by his tact of omission. For to the grave reader words too are grave; and the ornamental word, the figure, the accessory form or color or reference, is rarely content to die to thought precisely at the right moment, but will inevitably linger awhile, stirring a long "brain-wave" behind it of perhaps quite alien associations.

Just there, it may be, is the detrimental tendency of the sort of scholarly attentiveness I am recommending. But the true artist allows for it. He will remember that as the very word ornament indicates what is in itself non-essential, so the "one beauty" of all literary style is of its very essence, and independent, in prose and verse alike, of all removable decoration; that it may exist in its fullest lustre, as in Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," for instance, or in Stendhal's "Rouge et Noir," in a composition utterly unadorned, with hardly a single suggestion of visibly beautiful things. Parallel, allusion, the allusive way generally, the flowers in the garden, — he knows the narcotic force of these upon the negligent intelligence to which any diversion (literally) is welcome, any vagrant intruder, because one can go wandering away with him from the immediate subject. Jealous, if he have a really quickening motive within, of all that does not hold directly to that, of the facile, the otiose, he will never depart from the strictly pedestrian process, unless he gains a ponderable something thereby. Even

assured of its congruity, he will still question its serviceableness: is it worth while, can we afford, to attend to just that, to just that figure, or literary reference, just then? Surplusage! he will dread that, as the runner on his muscles. For in truth all art does but consist in the removal of surplusage, from the last finish of the gem-engraver blowing away the last particle of invisible dust, back to the earliest divination of the finished work to be, lying somewhere, according to Michelangelo's fancy, in the rough-hewn block of stone.

And what applies to figure or flower must be understood of all other accidental or removable ornaments of writing whatever; and not of specific ornament only, but of all that latent color and imagery which language as such carries in it. A lover of words for their own sake, to whom nothing about them is unimportant, a minute and constant observer of their physiognomy, he will be on the alert not only for obviously mixed metaphors, as we know, but of the metaphor that is mixed in all our speech, though a rapid use may involve no cognition of it. Currently recognizing the incident, the color, the physical elements or particles in words like absorb, consider, extract, to take the first that occur, he will avail himself of them, as further adding to the resources of expression. The elementary particles of language will be turned into color and light and shade by his scholarly living in the sense of them. Still opposing the constant degradation of language by those who use it carelessly, he will not treat colored glass as if it were clear, and while half the world is using figure unconsciously, will be fully aware not only of all that latent figurative texture in speech, but of the vague, lazy, half-formed personification — a rhetoric, depressing, and worse than nothing, because it has no really rhetorical motive — which plays so large a part there, and, as with more ostentatious ornament, scrupulously exact of it, from syllable to syllable, its precise value.

So far I have been speaking of certain conditions of the literary art arising out of the medium or material in or upon which it works, the essential qualities of language and its aptitudes for contingent ornamentation, matters which define scholarship as science and good taste respectively. They are both subservient to a more intimate quality of good style; more intimate, as coming nearer to the artist himself. The otiose,

the facile, surplusage: why are these abhorrent to the true literary artist, except because, in literary as in all other art, structure is all-important, felt or painfully missed everywhere?—that architectural conception of work, which foresees the end in the beginning and never loses sight of it, and in every part is conscious of all the rest, till the last sentence does but, with undiminished vigor, unfold and justify the first—a condition of literary art, which, in contradistinction to another quality of the artist himself, to be spoken of later, I shall call the necessity of *mind* in style.

An acute philosophical writer, the late Dean Mansel—a writer whose works illustrate the literary beauty there may be in closeness, and with obvious repression or economy of a fine rhetorical gift—wrote a book of fascinating precision on a very obscure subject, to show that all the technical laws of logic are but means of securing, in each and all of its apprehensions, the unity, the strict identity with itself, of the apprehending mind. All the laws of good writing aim at a similar unity or identity of the mind in all the processes by which the word is associated to its import. The term is right, and has its essential beauty, when it becomes, in a manner, what it signifies, as with the names of simple sensations. To give the phrase, the sentence, the structural member, the entire composition, a song, or an essay, a similar unity with its subject and with itself: style is in the right way when it tends towards that. All depends upon the original unity, the vital wholeness and identity, of the initiatory apprehension or view. So much is true of all art, which therefore requires always its logic, its comprehensive reason—insight, foresight, retrospect, its simultaneous action—true, most of all, of the literary art, as being of all the arts most closely cognate to the abstract intelligence. Such logical coherency may be evidenced not merely in the lines of composition as a whole, but in the choice of a single word, while it by no means interferes with, but may even prescribe, much variety, in the building of the sentence for instance, or in the manner, argumentative, descriptive, discursive, of this or that part or member of the entire design. The blithe, crisp sentence, decisive as a child's expression of its needs, may alternate with the long, contending, victoriously intricate sentence; the sentence, born with the integrity of a single word, relieving the sort of sentence in which, if you look closely, you

can see much contrivance, much adjustment, to bring a highly qualified matter into compass at one view. For the literary architecture, if it is to be rich and expressive, involves not only foresight of the end in the beginning, but also development or growth of design, in the process of execution, with many irregularities, surprises, and afterthoughts; the contingent as well as the necessary being subsumed under the unity of the whole. As truly, to the lack of such architectural design, of a single, almost visual, image, vigorously informing an entire, perhaps complex composition, which shall be austere, ornate, argumentative, fanciful, yet true from first to last to that vision within, may be attributed those weaknesses of conscious or unconscious repetition of word, phrase, word, motive, or member of the whole matter, indicating, as Flaubert was aware, an original structure in thought not organically complete. With such foresight the actual conclusion will most often get itself written, out of hand, before, in the more obvious sense, the work is finished. With some strong and leading sense of the world, the tight hold of which secures composition and not mere loose accretion, the literary artist, I suppose, goes on considerably, setting joint to joint, sustained by yet restraining the productive ardor, retracing the negligences of his first sketch, repeating his steps only that he may give the reader a sense of secure and restful progress, readjusting mere assonances even that they may soothe the reader, or at least not interrupt him on his way; and then, somewhere before the end comes, is burdened, inspired, with his conclusion, and betimes delivered of it, leaving off, not in weariness and because he finds himself at an end, but in all the freshness of volition. His work, now structurally complete, with all the accumulating effect of secondary shades of meaning, he finishes the whole up to the just proportion of that antepenultimate conclusion, and all becomes expressive. The house he has built is rather a body he has informed. And so it happens to its greater credit, that the better interest even of a narrative to be recounted will often be in its second reading. And though there are instances of great writers who have been no artists, an unconscious tact sometimes directing work in which we may detect, very pleasantly, many of the effects of conscious art, yet one of the greatest pleasures of really good prose literature is in the critical tracing out of that conscious artistic

structure, and the pervading sense of it as we read. Yet of poetic literature too; for, in truth, the kind of constructive intelligence here supposed is one of the forms of the imagination.

That is the special function of mind, in style. Mind and soul: hard to ascertain philosophically, the distinction is real enough practically, for they often interfere, are sometimes in conflict with each other. Blake, in the last century, is an instance of preponderating soul, embarrassed, at a loss, in an era of preponderating mind. As a quality of style, at all events, soul is a fact, in certain writers — the way they have of absorbing language, of attracting it into the peculiar spirit they are of, with a subtlety which makes the actual result seem like some inexplicable inspiration. By mind, the literary artist reaches people, through static and objective indications of design in his work, legible to all. By soul he reaches them, somewhat capriciously perhaps, one and not another, through vagrant sympathy and a kind of immediate contact. Mind we cannot choose but approve where we recognize it; soul may repel us, not because we misunderstand it. The way in which theological interests sometimes avail themselves of language is perhaps the best illustration of the force I mean generally in literature. Ardent religious persuasion may exist, may make its way, without finding any equivalent heat in language; or, again, it may enkindle words to various degrees, and when it really takes hold on them doubles its force. Religious history presents many remarkable instances in which, through no mere phrase-worship, an unconscious literary tact has, for the sensitive, laid open a privileged pathway from soul to soul. "The altar-fire," people say, "has touched those lips!" The Vulgate, the English Bible, the English Prayer-book, the writings of Swedenborg, the "Tracts for the Times," — there, we have instances of widely different and largely diffused phases of religious feeling in operation as soul in style. But something of the same kind acts with similar power in some writers of quite other than theological literature, on behalf of some wholly personal and peculiar sense of theirs. Most easily illustrated by theological literature, this quality lends to profane writers a kind of religious influence. At their best, these writers become, as people say, "prophets;" such character depending on the effect not merely of their matter, but of their matter as allied to, in "electric affinity" with,

peculiar form, and working in all cases by an immediate sympathetic contact, on which account it is that it may be called soul, as opposed to mind, in style. And this too is a faculty of choosing and rejecting what is congruous or otherwise, with a drift towards unity — unity of atmosphere here, as there of design — soul securing color (or perfume, might we say?) as mind secures form, the latter being essentially finite, the former vague or infinite, as the influence of a living person is practically infinite. There are some to whom nothing has any real interest, or real meaning, except as operative in a given person; and it is they who best appreciate the quality of soul in literary art. They seem to know a *person*, in a book, and make way by intuition; yet, although they thus enjoy the completeness of a personal information, it is still a characteristic of soul, in this sense of the word, that it does but suggest what can never be uttered, not as being different from, or more obscure than, what actually gets said, but as containing that plenary substance of which there is only one phase or facet in what is there expressed.

If all high things have their martyrs, Gustave Flaubert might perhaps rank as the martyr of literary style. In his printed correspondence, a curious series of letters, written in his twenty-fifth year, records what seems to have been his one other passion — a series of letters which with its fine casuistries, its firmly repressed anguish, its tone of harmonious gray, and the sense of disillusion in which the whole matter ends, might have been, a few slight changes supposed, one of his own fictions. Writing to Madame X. certainly he does display, by "taking thought" mainly, by constant and delicate pondering, as in his love for literature, a heart really moved, but still more, and as the pledge of that emotion, a loyalty to his work. Madame X., too, is a literary artist, and the best gifts he can send her are precepts of perfection in art, counsels for the effectual pursuit of that better love. In his love-letters it is the pains and pleasures of art he insists on, its solaces; he communicates secrets, reproves, encourages, with a view to that. Whether the lady was dissatisfied with such divided or indirect service, the reader is not enabled to see; but sees that on Flaubert's part, at least, a living person could be no rival of what was, from first to last, his leading passion, a somewhat solitary and exclusive one.

I must scold you [he writes] for one thing, which shocks, scandalizes me, the small con-

cern, namely, you show for art just now, As regards glory be it so: there, I approve. But for art!—the one thing in life that is good and real,—can you compare with it an earthly love?—prefer the adoration of a relative beauty to the cultus of the true beauty? Well! I tell you the truth. That is the one thing good in me; the one thing I have, to me estimable. For yourself, you blend with the beautiful a heap of alien things, the useful, the agreeable, what not?—

The only way not to be unhappy is to shut yourself up in art, and count everything else as nothing. Pride takes the place of all beside when it is established on a large basis. Work! God wills it. That, it seems to me, is clear.

I am reading over again the *Æneid*, certain verses of which I repeat to myself to satiety. There are phrases there which stay in one's head, by which I find myself beset, as with those musical airs which are forever returning, and cause you pain, you love them so much. I observe that I no longer laugh much, and am no longer depressed. I am ripe. You talk of my serenity, and envy me. It may well surprise you. Sick, irritated, the prey a thousand times a day of cruel pain, I continue my labor like a good working-man, who, with sleeves turned up, in the sweat of his brow beats away at his anvil, never troubling himself whether it rains or blows, for hail or thunder. I was not like that formerly. The change has taken place naturally, though my will has counted for something in the matter.

Those who write in good style are sometimes accused of a neglect of ideas, and of the moral end, as if the end of the physician were something else than healing, of the painter than painting—as if the end of art were not, before all else, the beautiful.

What, then, did Flaubert understand by beauty, in the art he pursued with so much fervor, with so much self-command? Let us hear a sympathetic commentator:—

Possessed of an absolute belief that there exists but one way of expressing one thing, one word to call it by, one adjective to qualify, one verb to animate it, he gave himself to superhuman labor for the discovery in every phrase of that word, that verb, that epithet. In this way he believed in some mysterious harmony in expression, and when a true word seemed to him to lack euphony still went on seeking another, with invincible patience, certain that he had not yet got hold of the *unique* word. . . . A thousand preoccupations would beset him at the same moment, always with this desperate certitude fixed in his spirit. Among all the expressions in the world, all forms and turns of expression, there is but one—one form, one mode—to express what I want to say.

The one word for the one thing, the one thought, amid the multitude of words, terms, that might just do: there was the

problem of style!—the unique word, phrase, sentence, paragraph, essay, or song, absolutely proper to the single mental presentation or vision within. In that perfect justice, over and above the many contingent and removable beauties with which beautiful style may charm us, but which it can exist without, independent of them yet dexterously availing itself of them, omnipresent in good work, in function at every point, from single epithets to the rhythm of a whole book, lay the specific, indispensable, very intellectual beauty of literature, the possibility of which constitutes it a fine art.

One seems to detect the influence of a philosophic idea there—the idea of a natural economy, of some pre-existent adaptation, between a relative somewhere in the world of thought, and its correlative somewhere in the world of language—both alike, rather, somewhere in the mind of the artist, desiderative, expectant, inventive, meeting each other with the readiness of “soul and body reunited,” in Blake’s rapturous design; and, in fact, Flaubert was fond of giving his theory philosophical expression.

There are no beautiful thoughts [he says] without beautiful forms, and conversely. As it is impossible to extract from a physical body the qualities which really constitute it—color, extension, and the like—without reducing it to a hollow abstraction, in a word, without destroying it; just so it is impossible to detach the form from the idea, for the idea only exists by virtue of the form.

All the recognized flowers, the removable ornaments of literature (including harmony and ease in reading aloud, very carefully considered by him) counted, certainly; for these too are part of the actual value of what one says. But still, after all, with Flaubert the search, the unwearied research, was not for the smooth, or winsome, or forcible word as such, as with false Ciceronians, but quite simply and honestly, for the word’s adjustment to its meaning. The first condition of this must be, of course, to know yourself, to have ascertained your own sense exactly. Then, if we suppose an artist, he says to the reader, I want you to see precisely what I see. Into the mind sensitive to “form,” a flood of random sounds, colors, incidents, is ever penetrating from the world without, to become, by sympathetic selection, a part of its very structure, and, in turn, the visible vesture and expression of that other world it sees so steadily within, nay, already with a partial conformity thereto, to be refined, enlarged,



corrected, at a hundred points; and it is just there, just at those doubtful points that the function of style, as tact or taste, intervenes. The unique term will come more quickly to one than another, at one time than another, according also to the kind of matter in question. Quickness and slowness, ease and closeness alike, have nothing to do with the artistic character of the true word found at last. As there is a charm of ease, so also a special charm in the signs of discovery, of effort and contention towards a due end, as so often with Flaubert himself—in the style which has been pliant, as only obstinate, durable metal can be, to the inherent perplexities and recusancy of a certain difficult thought.

If Flaubert had not told us, perhaps we should never have guessed how tardy and painful his own procedure really was, and after reading his confession may think that his almost endless hesitation had much to do with diseased nerves. Often, perhaps, the felicity supposed will be the product of a happier, a more exuberant, nature than Flaubert's. Aggravated, certainly, by a morbid physical condition, that anxiety in "seeking the phrase," which gathered all the other small ennui of a really quiet existence into a kind of battle, was connected with his lifelong contention against facile poetry, facile art—art, facile and flimsy; and what constitutes the true artist is not the slowness or quickness of the process, but the absolute success of the result. As with those laborers in the parable, the prize is independent of the mere length of the actual day's work.

You talk [he writes—odd, trying lover—to Madame X.], You talk of the exclusiveness of my literary tastes. That might have enabled you to divine what kind of a person I am in the matter of love. I grow so hard to please as a literary artist, that I am driven to despair. I shall end by not writing another line. Happy [he cries, in a moment of discouragement at that patent labor, which for him, certainly, was the condition of a great success] happy those who have no doubts of themselves! who lengthen out, as the pen runs on, all that flows forth from their brains. As for me, I hesitate, I disappoint myself, turn round upon myself in despite; my taste is augmented in proportion as my natural vigor decreases, and I afflict my soul over some dubious word out of all proportion to the pleasure I get from a whole page of good writing. One would have to live two centuries to attain a true idea of any matter whatever. What Buffon said is a big blasphemy: genius is not long-continued patience. Still there is some truth in the statement, and more than people think, especially as regards our own

day. Art! art! art! bitter deception! phantom that glows with light, only to lead one on to destruction.

Again:—

I am growing so peevish about my writing. I am like a man whose ear is true but who plays falsely on the violin: his fingers refuse to reproduce precisely those sounds of which he has the inward sense. Then the tears come rolling down from the poor scraper's eyes and the bow falls from his hand.

Coming slowly or quickly, when it comes, as it came with so much labor of mind, but also with so much lustre, to Gustave Flaubert, this discovery of the word will be, like all artistic success and felicity, incapable of strict analysis; effect of an intuitive condition of mind, it must be recognized by like intuition on the part of the reader, and a kind of immediate sense. In every one of those masterly sentences of Flaubert there was, below all mere contrivance, shaping, and afterthought, by some happy instantaneous concourse of the various faculties of the mind with each other, the exact apprehension of what was *needed* to carry the meaning. And that it fits with absolute justice will be a judgment of immediate sense in the appreciative reader. We all feel this in what may be called inspired translation. Well! all language involves translation from inward to outward. In literature, as in all forms of art, there are the absolute and the merely relative or accessory beauties; and precisely in that exact proportion of the term to its purpose is the absolute beauty of style, prose or verse. All the good qualities, the beauties, of verse also, are such only as precise expression.

In the highest as in the lowliest literature, then, the one indispensable beauty is, after all, truth: truth to bare fact here, as to a sense of fact there, diverted somewhat from men's ordinary sense of it; truth here as accuracy, truth there as expression, that finest and most intimate form of truth, the *vraie vérité*. And what an eclectic principle this really is! employing for its one sole purpose—that absolute accordance of expression to idea—all other literary beauties and excellences whatever; how many kinds of style it covers, explains, justifies, and at the same time safeguards! Scott's facility, Flaubert's deeply pondered evocation of "the phrase," are equally good art. Say what you have to say, what you have a will to say, in the simplest and most direct and exact manner possible, with no surplusage; there, is the justification of the

sentence so fortunately born, "entire, smooth, and round," that it needs no punctuation, and also (there is the point!) of the most elaborate period, if it be right in its elaboration. That is the office of ornament; it is also the purpose of restraint in ornament. As the exponent of truth, that austerity (the beauty, the function, of which in literature Flaubert understood so well) becomes not the correctness or purism of the mere scholar, but a security against the otiose, a jealous exclusion of what does not really tell, in the pursuit of relief, of life, and vigor, in the portraiture of one's sense. License again, the making free with rule, if it be indeed, as people fancy, a habit of genius, flinging aside or transforming all that opposes the liberty of beautiful production, will be but faith to one's own meaning. The seeming baldness of "Le Rouge et le Noir" is nothing in itself; the wild ornament of "Les Misérables" is nothing in itself; and the restraint of Flaubert, amid a real natural opulence, only redoubled beauty, — the phrase so colorable and so precise at the same time, hard as bronze in service to the more perfect adaptation of words to their matter. Afterthoughts, retouchings, finish, will be of profit only so far as they too really serve to bring out the original, initiative, germinating sense in them.

In this way, according to the well-known saying, "The style is the man," complex or simple, in his individuality, his plenary sense of what he really has to say, his sense of the world; all cautions regarding style arising out of so many natural scruples as to the medium through which alone he can expose that inward sense of things, its purity, its laws or tricks of refraction. Nothing is to be left there which might give conveyance to any matter save that. Style in all its varieties, reserved or opulent, terse, abundant, musical, stimulant, academic, so long as each is really characteristic or expressive, finds thus its justification, the sumptuous good taste of Cicero being as truly the man himself, and not another, justified, yet insured inalienably to him thereby, as would have been his portrait by Raffaele, in full consular splendor, on his ivory chair.

A relegation, you say, perhaps — a relegation of style to the subjectivity, the mere caprice of the individual, which must soon transform it into mannerism. Not so! since there is, under the conditions supposed, for those elements of the man, for every lineament of the vision within,

the one word, the one acceptable word, recognizable by the sensitive, by those "who have intelligence" in the matter, as absolutely as ever anything can be in the evanescent and delicate region of human language. The style, the manner, would be the man, not in his unreasoned and really uncharacteristic caprices, involuntary or affected, but in absolutely sincere apprehension of what is most real to him. But let us hear our French guide again: —

Styles [says Flaubert's commentator], *Styles*, as so many peculiar moulds, each of which bears the mark of a particular writer, who is to pour into it the whole content of his ideas, were no part of his theory. What he believed in was *style*: that is to say, a certain absolute and unique manner of expressing a thing, in all its intensity and color. For him the *form* was the work itself. As in living creatures, the blood, nourishing the body, determines its very contour and external aspect, just so, to his mind, the *matter*, the basis, in a work of art, imposed, necessarily, the unique, the just expression, the measure, the rhythm — the *form* in all its characteristics.

If the style be the man in all the color and intensity of a veritable apprehension, it will be in a real sense "impersonal."

I said, looking at books like Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," that prose literature was the characteristic art of the nineteenth century, as others, thinking of its triumphs since the youth of Bach, have placed music just there. Music and prose literature are, in one sense, the opposite terms of art; the art of literature presenting to the imagination, through the intelligence, a range of interests, as free and various as those which music presents to it through sense. And certainly the tendency of what has been here said is to bring literature too under those conditions, by conformity to which music takes rank as the typically perfect art. If music be the ideal of all art whatever, precisely because in it it is impossible to distinguish the form from the substance or matter, the subject from the expression, then literature, by finding its specific excellence in the absolute correspondence of the term to its import, will be but fulfilling the condition of all artistic quality in things everywhere, of all good art.

Good art, but not necessarily great art; the distinction between great art and good art depending immediately, as regards literature at all events, not on its form, but on the matter. Thackeray's "Esmond," surely, is greater art than "Vanity Fair," by the greater dignity of its interests. It is on the quality of the matter it informs

or controls, its compass, its variety, its alliance to great ends, or the depth of the note of revolt, or the largeness of hope in it, that the greatness of literary art depends, as "The Divine Comedy," "Paradise Lost," "Les Misérables," the English Bible, are great art. Given the conditions I have tried to explain as constituting good art; then, if it be devoted further to the increase of men's happiness, to the redemption of the oppressed, or the enlargement of our sympathies with each other, or to such presentment of new or old truth about ourselves and our relation to the world as may ennoble and fortify us in our sojourn here, or immediately, as with Dante, to the glory of God, it will be also great art—if, over and above those qualities I summed up as mind and soul—that color and mystic perfume, and that reasonable structure—it has something of the soul of humanity in it, and finds its logical, its architectural place, in the great structure of human life.

---

From Murray's Magazine.

#### WHICH WINS?

MARY, Countess de Villermay, was a widow who lived at Hampstead. Her father had been a pig-killer in Chicago; but Mary had long forgotten, in the delight of spending his money, how the money was made. When she found it necessary to allude to her father's trade, she used to say with the frank air that was one of her points, "He made his money in business, I think—something to do with steel,"—which was true as far as it went.

When Miss Mary Schwell married the Comte de Villermay she was twenty-four and he was seventy. The speculation turned out admirably—for her; he died within a year of her marriage. He had been very kind to her, and she had become really attached to him. She mourned very sincerely the success of her speculation, and, losing sight of the motives which had induced her marriage, was quite desolated for some months. When she began to go out again she was much courted by younger sons and ineligible generally, and also by more prosperous persons of sporting tendencies, who admired her figure and style.

The Countess de Villermay was what Joe Gargery called "a fine figure of a woman." She had large arms, and an obtrusive bust. Her throat was massive and round—her hands and feet very

plump. Her face was large and dimpled—she had two well-formed chins, and a promise of a third. Her nose and ears were small. She wore her ample red hair in a Greek fly-away knot at the back of her head. Her white, even teeth showed when she laughed, and she was always laughing. Women called her coarse; men called her jolly. All who knew her called her good-natured; those who did not know her called her "loud." She was the kind of person at whom even the best-bred women will turn round and stare. Being rich, she was extravagant and generous in an impulsive and unreasoning way. Had she been poor, she would probably have been an excellent household manager, and the rigid "both ends" would in her hands have grown elastic and met. She was "fond of poetry;" she liked Tennyson better than Shakespeare, and Longfellow better than either. But she never confessed it. She knew her world better than that.

For her main ambition, since she had been a free countess, was to be considered "cultured." To this end she crammed somewhat, and got up a good deal of the current jargon.

She could floor the ordinary person completely on such subjects as "square-marked Worcester," "book-plates," "first editions," Bartolozzi, and the "sonnet idea." But it was noticeable that the specialists in these lines soon exhausted her. In a word, the countess was one of those unfortunate and embarrassing persons who will not submit to the evident intentions of nature, and be commonplace.

Her servants and social inferiors adored her. Hers was the nature that insists on love and admiration; and, to gain it, will do a thousand kindnesses which it would never enter into the mind of your really unselfish person to conceive, much less to carry out. This kind of selfishness is at the bottom of a good deal of philanthropy, and one would not quarrel with it, were it not that it is apt to grow exacting in the returns which it demands for its acts of benevolence. The countess would visit her servants if they were ill, and her common sense taught her to take more fruit than flowers, and more beef-tea than either; but there was no limit to the amount of service and endurance which she exacted from them when they recovered. She would give the crossing-sweeper a shilling, and feel (though she did not think) that the money was well laid out, to purchase the smile that thanked her, and the bright recognition that met her

next time she passed that way. She had many *protégées* and pensioners, who had come, by all sorts of odd roads, within the radius of her patronage.

In spite of all this the position of the countess's "companion" was not an enviable one, and more than one young woman had precipitately resigned it, worn out by the "perpetual droppings" of an inexhaustible egoism. The countess's companion had no time of her own. Even when the good-night had been said, and the bedroom key turned in the lock, it was not at all certain that a tap at the door would not announce a dressing-gowned countess, anxious for a listener to some long monologue on her one eternal subject. Of course the question, "Am I disturbing you?" admitted of only one answer, and the companion would open the door, and then sit sleepily, biting her tongue to keep herself awake, while the countess discussed her admirers, her figure, her disposition, her prospects, her handwriting, or her music-master.

Mary, though luxurious, had some healthy tastes. She liked sea-bathing, she liked onions, she liked toffee, and she liked long walks. Few of her acquaintances cared for any of these things, so she took her walks, as well as her onions and toffee, alone. Many people turned to stare at the tall, resilient figure, with its extremely fashionable costume — at the red head, with its extremely high and pointed bonnet — as it walked along the country roads that lead away from Hampstead towards Harrow.

One hot June afternoon the countess had been talking at high pressure for a good hour to the author of a new socialist novel, who had gone away undecided whether she had or had not a thorough knowledge of the principles of political economy. She had also received an offer of marriage from a sporting nobleman, for whom she entertained a kindly feeling, and had refused it on the ground that he "had no ideals." His reply, that his ideal stood before him at that moment, pleased but did not soften her. She dismissed him, and immediately felt a need for complete change of scene.

Half an hour later she was walking along a country road at a swinging pace, which was, to the gait of her women friends, what the pace of the sheep-dog is to that of the superannuated toy-terrier. The day was hot, the roads were dusty. The sky was blue, but for a black cloud-bank in the north. Presently the cloud-bank spread, the sky grew grey; the sun

was covered, the birds stopped singing, the thunder pealed, and the rain came down by the painful.

The countess kept up her sunshade and walked on; she had not passed any houses for some time, and she concluded that she would reach house-shelter sooner by going on than by turning back.

As she walked, she saw through the rain a small figure leaning against a tree. She passed it, half-stopped, hesitated, and went back.

"Excuse me," she said, "but do you know it's dangerous to stand under trees in a storm?"

The small woman who stood there turned dark eyes upon the speaker and said, —

"I don't care."

"Oh, very well, you know your own business best," Mary answered, and walked off in a huff. But again she turned — she never did know her own mind — and said persuasively, —

"I think there's a cottage not far down; won't you come and shelter there? I'd offer you half my sunshade, but it's wet through."

Here she laughed, showing her teeth.

All this time the rain was pouring down. The road was a network of little streams and pools.

The woman under the tree looked at the other with an expression of extreme repugnance.

"Come along," said Madame de Villermay, in her loud, hearty voice, and held out her hand with a gesture of invitation. The other woman frowned, half drew back, and then came across the wet grass and walked along the road beside her.

Mary felt interested. That "I don't care" suggested a romance. As they walked along in silence she looked at her companion — a small person in black, with dark hair and eyes, arched eyebrows, a very pale face, a slim figure, and a quick, light step.

No house was in sight, but the strength of the storm was abating.

"I think it's going to leave off," said the countess. "Which way were you going?"

"I don't know."

"Look here," said Mary abruptly; "I see you're in some trouble. Can't I help you? I will if I can."

"That is a very rash offer," remarked the little woman in black.

"Not at all. Please tell me, if you don't mind, where you are going."

"I have nowhere to go to, since you

insist on an answer. I wish you good-afternoon."

Mary stretched out a plump, detaining hand.

"Now don't be offended," she cried; "I didn't ask you out of idle curiosity."

"People never do ask a question out of idle curiosity."

"Well, I didn't, at any rate. I thought — don't be so angry — I thought you might come home with me, if you have nowhere else to go."

The other looked at her with prolonged scrutiny.

"For all you know I may be — anything and everything that is bad."

"And for all *you* know," echoed the countess, with one of her rare but brilliant flashes of tact, "*I* may be — well, anything and everything that I'm not — too. Come, shall we walk back?"

With a sudden gesture of confidence the other turned to her.

"You are good," she said. "I will tell you all about myself — my name is Emden."

"You shall tell me everything you think you can trust me with, by-and-by, when you are rested. Let's talk about the weather till then."

And she stepped forward briskly.

That evening, in a cool, flower-scented drawing-room, the countess heard Jean Emden's story: a story too sad and too common; a story of a weary fight against poverty, wherein poverty always won.

"My father had genius," she said proudly. "He wrote nearly sixty volumes of prose and verse. He was a friend of Lady Blessington's, and used to know all the people in her set; but when he grew old, his friends had died or forgotten him, and he could not get a pension, and we got poorer and poorer; and I have worked at anything I could get, and a year ago he died, and I have done all I could since then. I have done plain sewing, and I have sent stories to every magazine in London, I do believe; but I suppose I write too badly, for they're always returned. Oh! it has been hard, and he had a pauper's funeral at last!"

Here she broke down, and buried her face in her hands. The countess touched her on the shoulder, and said, — as women always do under such circumstances, —

"Don't cry!"

Presently John Emden's daughter went on with her story; how she had fallen into deeper poverty when her father's death had removed her chief incentive to work. How at last, unable to pay her rent, which

had not been paid for three weeks, she left her boxes as hostages, and came hopelessly away from London.

"I thought I would come away and have done with it."

She did not explain further, nor did Mary seek an explanation. She laid her hand on hers with the commonplace question, —

"Was there anything valuable in your boxes?"

Miss Emden laughed. "Poor Mrs. Fry!" she said; "she will only find rejected MS.; and unless she can command a better market than I — Though there's always the buttermilk, of course."

"We will get them back; give me the address, and to-morrow we will talk things over. Good-night, my dear."

Jean Emden went to sleep that night, her whole being suffused with a glow of gratitude to the woman who had taken her in — without fear or question brought her home.

"Talking things over" next day ended in Miss Emden's being installed as useful companion to the countess, with an ample salary. Another set of links in the chain of gratitude. The boxes with their precious manuscripts were redeemed — another link. But the final riveting of the chain was done when the countess caused a monument to be raised

To the memory of  
JOHN EMDEN,

bearing further a laudatory inscription and a list of his "sixty books in prose and verse."

When Jean Emden returned from Kensal Green (whither the countess had sent her, in the carriage) she entered the room where Mary (or May as she called herself) sat alone, and running to her kneeled at her feet.

"Thank you! thank you!" she cried — taking the fat hands and covering them with kisses — "you are better than anything in the world. Let me do things for you; find *plenty* of things that I can do — not to repay you, but to ease my own heart."

Mary, much moved, kissed her, and deprecating the idea that she had done anything "out of the way," promised to give her companion ample opportunity of repaying "any little kindness she had had it in her power to show."

She was as good as her word. As the days and weeks went on, these opportunities became more and more frequent, till Miss Emden, like all her predecessors,



found that her whole life was given up to the countess. But, unlike her predecessors, she rejoiced and gloried in it; and Mary felt the difference between the grudging payment of hired service and the free gift of the service of love.

Miss Emden had been for three months an inmate of the pretty house at Hampstead, when the countess received on her birthday, among some half-hundred costly bouquets and brilliant uselessnesses, the following verses:—

To such a one on such a day  
What is it I can bring,  
How to your summer can my spring  
Make any offering, say?

The brightest gems that I can bring  
Show, by your beauty, grey,  
Too poor the flowers that deck my way  
To ask your gathering.

But near you, round you, Lady May,  
My heart goes wandering,  
While autumn winds are whispering  
Down paths your face makes gay.

Think that they say the unsaid thing  
I have no words to say,  
Nor shut me out, on this your day,  
From your remembering.

They were carefully drawn on a card, on which a spray of hawthorn was painted, and for a blest five minutes the countess believed that they were written by Everard Dobbs, the reigning critic in her set, and the handsomest man she knew, who combined the gift of verse-writing with the rarer one of discretion. He seldom published his verses, and the few he did publish appeared only in an ultra-democratic weekly, which he ran himself (at a loss of about forty pounds a month), and which was never read by his own most intimate circle.

"Look here!" The countess passed the card across the breakfast table to the companion. As she did so her eye caught a glimpse of writing on the back of it. She drew back her hand. The companion was crimson.

"Why, *you* wrote it! You *dear*!" The countess ran round to kiss her, knocking over a light chair with her skirts. "Why, you never told me you wrote poetry!"

"That's not poetry, I fear. I should have written better if I had not wished so much to write well."

"Not poetry? why, it's charming! It's the first time any one has ever written any poetry to me that did not make me want to laugh!"

The countess did not take much interest

in her other letters and presents. She read and re-read her poem. She was rather silent during breakfast. As she finally set down her coffee-cup she said thoughtfully,—

"I wonder whether *I* could write poetry."

"I should think so," said Miss Emden cheerfully; "it's very easy."

Mary plunged again into reverie. She was *distracted* all day. That night at twelve o'clock she knocked at Miss Emden's door.

"Am I disturbing you? I've been trying to write poetry, and I've come to read you my first attempt."

Next spring the literary world was taken by storm.

"May-blossoms," by the Countess de Villermay—with its white binding, its gold hawthorn spray (designed by Jean Emden), its wide margin and clear type—was the verse book of the season. Critics praised it; people read it, and, above all, the public bought it. Its special feature was the piquancy given to it by the incongruity of its democratic sentiments with the fact that it was written by a countess. "Not Wanted—a Life's Story," the most striking piece in the volume, was a realistic poem of real power and merit. It was a tale of a desperate struggle against starvation.

Probably the countess had never been so happy in her life. From her former position of a sprat among salmon, she was now raised to the rank of a salmon among minnows. People who had snubbed her, now cultivated her. She received dinner invitations from those who had formerly sent her "At Home" cards. Her friends became more friendly, her acquaintances more numerous. The *Athenæum* called her our greatest living poetess, the discerning reviewer remarking of the weakest poem in the book, "Surely this has in it something of the inductiveness of vitality;" and even the *Saturday* vouchsafed encomiums.

Miss Emden was to the full as happy as the countess in the success of "May blossoms." She had copied out the manuscript, corrected the proofs, designed the cover. She collected the favorable reviews; there were no unfavorable ones, for the press was unanimous—as it ought to be in praising a countess. And she read and re-read the book with a devotion that sometimes made Mary almost impatient.

When Everard Dobbs wrote and asked

to be permitted to call and offer his homage to the author of "May-blossoms," Miss Emden and countess were equally excited.

"I've only met him twice," said the countess, "to speak to, that is. I almost wish he wasn't coming, I am horribly afraid he will find me out."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, he will expect the author of 'May-blossoms' to shine more in conversation than she will do."

"You are much more brilliant than most of the poets we know."

And Mary, mentally reviewing in a flash a line of long-haired, flabby youths, felt her remark to be just.

She had dressed herself to receive Mr. Dobbs's visit, in a gown whose fashionable trimmings were more than usually elaborate. She was now engaged in "putting the drawing-room straight," as she called it. That is, she was dexterously obliterating all marks of human occupation, and reducing the room to something between the drawing-room of an hotel, and that represented on our national stage.

It was a delicious May afternoon. Hampstead Heath was profusely dotted with nursemaids and perambulators.

Everard Dobbs, in his hansom, leaned back and enjoyed through his *pince-nez* the beauty of the day. It was to him an hour more interesting than his hours were wont to be. He was a man whose unhealthy social environment had proved too much for his own healthy impulses. At five-and-twenty he had become an extreme Radical, but his early expressions of his changed views had been sneered and laughed at by his intimates, and he had reached thirty without having ever found strength enough to defy public opinion — which with him, as with all of us, meant the prejudices of a very narrow circle. The five years' struggle with his own moral consciousness had left its marks upon him, and he was unhappy. He compounded with his conscience for his cowardice by running the before-mentioned paper under an assumed name, and by subscribing out of an ample income to several democratic and socialist societies. But the hush-money brought him no comfort. His own set voted him a "little mad on those questions," and promptly changed the conversation when he approached them, which he did rarely now. His few working-class acquaintances, while they took his money, distrusted him, and called him *dilettante*.

"May-blossoms" encouraged him. Here at last was a woman of his kind. Surely a countess, though only a foreign one, would be able to live with a foot in both worlds, — that of the "haves" and the "have nots." By her side he might be able to occupy the same uncomfortable position.

And he enquired about the authoress, not identifying her in his recollection with a stout lady whom he had occasionally observed at receptions and concerts. The poems haunted him. He read them again. They were stronger than he had supposed. They expressed not only subtle refinements of sentiment, and dainty fancies, but a seriousness, a determined championing of the wronged and the oppressed which he had not met with in the poetry of any woman, and which he had never been quite able to get into his own.

So he wrote and asked if he might call upon her.

His mind was filled with the beauty of her poems, and when she came forward to meet him in her Parisian costume, he bowed low, rendered speechless by the emphasis of the contrast between her poems and herself. She held out her hand, which he took mechanically.

"Lovely weather, isn't it?" she asked, as he seated himself.

"Yes, quite perfect," he replied, as earnestly as though that needed saying, with the sun shining outside and the May airs blowing through the room.

He was violently disappointed. He could not have said what he expected her to be; but whatever it was, she was nothing like it. He pulled himself together, however, and plunged into praises of her book, she listening with a delight which Miss Emden, in the background, seemed to share.

"Do you mind my talking of your work?" he asked, when his stock of adjectives began to run low.

"Oh no, I like it of all things; people who write always do, don't they? Only perhaps so much sugar is not good for me all at once."

"I shall be delighted to repeat the dose, as often as you will let me," with a banal smile which she found delightful.

"No more sugar now, please," with a look at Jean; "let me have some criticism — a good strong tonic."

He leaned back a little and looked at her through his glasses. "I don't want to criticise; I should like to question."

The countess moved her arm suddenly,

and overturned a glass of Maréchal Niel roses that stood near her. When the confusion consequent on this accident and on its reparation was over, Mr. Dobbs returned to his point.

"I was asking you if I might put questions."

"If you don't ask very difficult ones."

"Well, your poem called 'Not Wanted.' How did you find out all that about the work-girls? Or was it sheer inspiration?"

She looked thoughtful.

"Oh, one gets to know things!" was the vague reply.

"And you really believe then," with the slightest possible glance round the daintily furnished room, "that this awful poverty must go on so long as we have all — all our good things?"

"Oh, dear! I don't think I meant quite that. One's poems are poems of moods — not of opinions, don't you know?" She had heard a jolly poet thus excuse a pessimistic sonnet.

His face suggested agreement, and she was emboldened to go on, assuming an argumentative tone, —

"Of course, you know, Mr. Dobbs, I'm not so foolish as to suppose that we can do much to alter these things; though, of course, it's very sad, and all that."

"Don't believe her," cried Jean Emden, much to the astonishment of her audience. "That poem was never written by a person who thought such things could not be helped."

The countess laughed.

"You see what a champion I have," she said. "I must leave her to fight my battles. I believe she knows what I mean as well as I do myself."

Dobbs turned to her.

"Of course, like the rest of us, you admire these wonderful poems tremendously."

"Well, I don't know that I *admire* them so very much. I think they have faults — but I am very, very fond of them."

"An attached dependent," was the man's comment, "but not a toady." And he looked with some kindness at the little woman in black.

"Are you going to the Derby?" said the countess suddenly.

Everard Dobbs accepted this remark as a finger-post to point him away from her book. He took the path indicated, and the talk turned on the frivolities of life.

Here she was eloquent — even brilliant. When he left her presence he left a mystery, and took with him a problem. How

such a woman should have written such a book! this was the mystery. The problem was the old one, how to make the best of both worlds, the sensual and the spiritual. Had she solved it? he wondered.

Apparently not, judging by her talk, and yet her book — so strong — so earnest — so utterly true. He read the poem again, "Not Wanted."

The companion had been right. "Not Wanted" had been written by one who believed every word she wrote. Dobbs had written enough poetry of that kind himself to know the real thing when he saw it, and for him there was no mistaking the note of passionate sincerity. Then how explain the contradiction of her poems and herself?

Suddenly the humiliating thought flashed upon him that it was not in her but in him that the fault lay. Had she perhaps seen through him — seen that he was more or less of a timeserver and *dilettante* democrat, and had she simply assumed that uncommonly commonplace manner, as the easiest way of expressing her determination not to cast conversational pearls before a half-hearted swine?

He got hot all over — as we all do when we think we are found out. He made one of those sudden resolutions of honesty whereby we seek to deceive ourselves and those whom we suspect of not being deceived by us.

He flung himself into a chair and began to formulate to himself his confession — shaping it to be understood by the writer of "Not Wanted."

"I will write and ask her to see me alone, and then she will help me. I am certain she could help me."

And at the moment rose a vision of the countess, her Parisian dresses, her smile, her voice. How *could* that confession be made to a woman with three chins? He stifled the thought. After all, the real woman was in that book and not in that French gown. But the memory of that triple chin somehow kept pen from paper, and the letter was not written.

The next morning brought him a coroneted envelope containing an invitation to a garden party, with a little line across the corner, "I do hope you are not already engaged."

He was already engaged, but he broke his engagement and went to Hampstead at the day and hour indicated. He hardly hoped to be able to talk to her much, but reality surpassed expectation as far as opportunities of talk went. He almost monopolized her, and she seemed quite

willing to be monopolized; but he had no chance of making his confession, for, try as he would, he could not get her to talk of her book. She carried her affectation of unconcern so far as to pretend not even to remember the name of a certain churchyard, which had inspired two sonnets in "May-blossoms."

He came home baffled — read her book again, and determined, with renewed enthusiasm, to break down the wall of reserve she had built up between her work and him, and to get at her real self.

A vain determination. It was not that he did not meet her often. He met her constantly, and sometimes wondered how it was that whereas before he had seen so little of her as not to connect her with her name, he now met her two or three times a week, at dance, concert, reception, and literary *r  union*. He also found that he was receiving invitations from people who were not quite in his own pet set; and as he had not written anything just lately, and had done nothing very glorious, he found this sudden influx of cards mysterious. But he concluded that talent was becoming more popular, and accepted his invitations.

When he could not talk to the countess he talked to Miss Emden, who interested him, in spite of her shy, constrained ways, by her evident enthusiasm for and comprehension of Madame de Villermay. But when he did talk to the countess he found it always impossible to get her to talk of the things he cared for. And his final stroke of ill-fortune in this direction was given by himself by the unlucky remark which he made one day at a picnic, —

"I believe you hate me to talk of your book."

"You are quite right," she said, "I do," and laughed the loud gay laugh that always echoed through his thoughts of her.

He then tried to get the companion to talk of the book and of the writer's views. She would talk of the book readily enough, but of the writer's views she had little to say. And the impression deepened in him, that they considered him unworthy of confidence on the great subject of the condition of the people. And yet the countess did not seem to think him unworthy of attention and kindness. Indeed, Hampstead, after its manner, soon "began to talk," and to foretell, the good-natured a match, and the ill-natured an *esclandre*.

One evening in July he had been asked

to one of the well-known Hampstead Drawing-Room Meetings held to "consider Socialism." Unkind Philistines have said that at these meetings there is more flirtation than socialism; but Dobbs, at any rate, went single-heartedly, and with that consciousness of extreme virtue which is one of the compensations of those who attend discussions on political economy.

He was there early, and when the arrival of the next guest drew his hostess from his side, he stood leaning against the mantelpiece, watching the door, and amusing himself with speculations and criticisms on those who entered. There were only three or four accredited Socialists, and there was about most of the others an air of premeditated good-humor — the kind of expression which guests wear at desert when the children are brought in.

He rather started to find himself looking up with increased interest when Miss Emden came into the room, and he was still more astonished to find that disappointment was not quite the feeling with which he noticed that the countess was not with her.

He went forward to greet her, and sat by her during the meeting. It was interesting to him to see every point made by the Socialist lecturer met by a flash of approval from her dark eyes. She looked very handsome, he thought, when her face lit up like this. The greater part of the audience listened with the tolerance which one shows to a schoolboy exhibiting his stamp album, or his collection of birds' eggs.

When Socialism had been "considered" for a couple of hours, the meeting broke up, and Dobbs found himself walking along beside Miss Emden under the pale July stars.

She walked along quickly, only replying by rather snappish monosyllables to his conventional commonplaces about the meeting.

"I'm afraid something's vexed you," he said presently.

She turned her eyes on him quickly.

"Have I been disagreeable? I didn't mean to be. But this sort of thing does annoy me fearfully — more than I can say."

"This sort of thing?"

"Yes — I mean — oh, it's too much to hear these smug, smirking people, in their comfortable drawing-rooms, talking about the poverty they are causing and profiting by — just as they would discuss Chel-sea china or the last new novel."

"You see they don't realize it."

"Then they should hold their silly tongues. When one *knows* what poverty means, one can hardly sit still and hear them talk. One wants so to jump up and knock their empty heads together."

"I didn't know you felt so strongly about this. Have you ever looked into the condition of the poor?"

She kicked a pebble along the pavement.

"There! that's another of the phrases that drive me nearly wild. Looked into! I've *been* in the condition."

"Oh—I beg your pardon——" and he stopped short, confused.

"Oh, there's no reason why you should beg my pardon. I am not in the least thin-skinned, thank God! about having been poor. And since we are on this subject—I was penniless when the countess took me to live with her. I owe everything to her—everything—my very life."

The vehemence of this astonished Dobbs still more. He hardly knew what to say.

"I suppose then it was from you that the countess got her knowledge of—of that sort of thing?"

"Yes."

"What a remarkable woman she is!—she must have a wonderfully subtle and sympathetic mind to transmute all this—into those beautiful poems."

She smiled, frowned, and was silent.

"Do you know, she interests me profoundly. Her brain seems to be in watertight compartments. The poet is so completely apart from the woman."

"Perhaps not so completely apart as you think."

They walked along in silence for a few moments. Then suddenly, without knowing how, Everard Dobbs found himself making, to Miss Emden, the confession he had meant to make to the countess. He told her how he had believed—and not had the courage of his faith; how he had vainly tried to satisfy his soul with the husks of conventionalism; and how, though he was still starving, he had not the strength to seek noble food. She listened absently; now and then throwing in a word or a question.

"And when I read that book, I said to myself that the woman who wrote it was the only human being who could help me; that the sort of strength there is in that book was just the sort of strength I wanted. That was why I wrote and asked her to let me come to see her. Miss

Emden, I felt I loved the writer of that book."

"And now?"

"Well, I feel I haven't yet found her. But I hope to find her. I have failed to understand Madame de Villermay, but I mean to understand her yet."

"You shall," she said earnestly.

"You will help me?"

"I will—good-night."

"Well! but this is not the house."

"No; but I feel I must run the rest of the way."

And without a hand-shake she left him. He was a fastidious man, and had cultivated the fastidious side of his nature. Somehow Madame de Villermay was a little too big, a trifle too fat; her laugh was a little too loud—her *embonpoint* a little too pronounced. Why hadn't the book been written by some quiet, refined, *spirituelle*, dainty little woman, like—well, even like Miss Emden?

Madame de Villermay at that moment was sitting alone; on her lap a little bundle of his notes—harmless, necessary notes—about dinners and at homes; and in her hand a photograph—his photograph.

She was looking at it with a tender expression which became her much less than her usual society air. Her eyes half-closed and grew moist, and her features, being a trifle relaxed, looked larger than usual. She kissed the photograph—a soft, hot kiss, and at the moment a tap at her door brought her up with a start. With one swift movement she thrust the letters and photograph under a pile of papers beside her, and was reading Mr. Whistler's "Ten o'clock," when the door opened and Miss Emden came in. She looked up.

"Well, dear? Have you had a pleasant evening? Who was there?"

Miss Emden mentioned a few names.

"And Mr. Dobbs was there, and he walked home with me."

"Oh! Why, what a pity! Why *ever* didn't you bring him in, dear?"

"Because he told me he loved the author of that book, and I can't bear it any longer."

She caught up a copy of "that book,"—there was one in every room in the house—and flung it across the room.

The countess sat bolt upright, her skirt stretched ungracefully tight across her knees. Her eyes shone.

"Do you mean to say he told you he loves *me*?"

"*You*?"—the contemptuous intonation



stung the countess like a lash — “no, not you, but the woman who wrote that book!”

The other leaned back.

“I suppose you’re caught yourself, since you make such a fuss about it.”

“Well, if I am, I haven’t shown it to him and everybody else!”

The countess jumped up and walked across the room, and picked up the book, which lay face-downwards on the carpet.

“You seem very much excited. I must say your Socialism doesn’t seem to agree with you.”

“Look here” — the other came quite close to her, — “this man has been for the last ten years doing his best to lose his own soul, and stifle everything that’s good in him. He can be saved, I’m certain of that. Do you think *you* can save him?”

The countess turned away.

“Oh! bother!” She tossed her head.

“You know I don’t understand all this high-falutin talk of losing souls and saving men, and all the rest of it. Tell me straight out what you want. You can be business-like enough when you like.”

“I want you to give up trying to catch this man; he’s not your kind of man at all, and it’s not much of a sacrifice. You’ll never catch him on your merits, and though you mayn’t understand it, you’ll just kill the little good there is in him, and in you too.”

“Well?”

“Well, I want you to tell him the truth about the book.”

“Tell him yourself.”

“No, that I never will. Do you remember when we agreed to publish the book under your own name, you said a hundred times that if it succeeded, you would tell the whole world? Well, I don’t ask that, and I never will ask it, but I do ask you to tell *him*.”

“Agreed. Wasn’t it your own proposal?”

“Yes, and a wicked one it was. A lie always ends like this.”

“You shouldn’t have proposed it.”

“Didn’t you wish me to? Don’t you understand that I felt so grateful to you that I would have cut off my hands if you’d wanted it?”

“Your feelings have changed pretty much now. I believe you hate me.”

“No, I don’t hate you; but I hate to see you playing these stupid tricks, and trying to entangle men you don’t care about. Some men aren’t worth anything better, but I think this one is.”

The countess had suddenly grown calm.

“Even worth your trying to catch, eh?”

“Oh! how can you say such things? Have I ever —”

“There, there,” coldly, “don’t let’s have any heroics — there’s no need. I haven’t the slightest objection to telling your friend that you wrote the book, and you can devote yourself to saving his valuable soul. Good-night.”

She smiled as Miss Emden left her. When she was alone she flung her hands above her head, and then threw herself face-downwards on the sofa. She had lost the man she loved — but she had kept her secret. She could not have refused to tell Everard Dobbs; and she was glad she had consented in such an off-hand way as to put herself completely in the right, and Miss Emden in the wrong.

“It’s always the way,” she said to herself; “the more you do for people the less grateful they are. She’ll go away now — of course. So much the better. I hate these up-in-the-clouds people, perpetually criticising you. She can have the money that’s come in from ‘May-blossoms.’ She’d not take anything else, but she has a right to that. Nobody would ever have published her book, without my name — she ought to remember that.”

An hour later Jean Emden came down — her eyes red with crying, her hair disordered, her chin firmly set.

“Look here,” she said, “you have been good to me — you have saved my life. I’m an ungrateful brute! Don’t tell him. I’ll go away.”

“And what about his soul?” said the countess maliciously.

She looked troubled. Madame de Villemay laughed.

“Well, make your mind easy. I’ve just been out myself and posted a letter to him, telling him the whole thing.”

The letter Dobbs received put the matter in a light not very unfavorable to the countess; there is a way of confessing a sin which makes the sinner seem more spotless even than before — and he still visits her at Hampstead, occasionally. He much more often visits Miss Emden, in Shadwell, where she manages a Co-operative Needlewomen’s Association, established with his capital, running now at a small annual loss. She has published another volume of poems, in her own name this time, and all the reviews say she has cribbed shamefully from the authoress of “May-blossoms.” She believes that Mr. Dobbs is on the right road at last. He took an active part in managing a recent women’s strike, and he is at present laid

up with a sore throat caught in lecturing from an inverted tub outside the Dock Gates.

FABIAN BLAND.

From The Contemporary Review.  
THE FUTURE OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.  
BY ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

THE very name "Westminster Abbey" indicates the venerable associations which have clung for so many centuries to that glorious building. It is an abbreviation for *Ecclesia Abbatiae Westmonasteriensis*; and for more than three centuries it has been a beloved and inveterate misnomer for "the Collegiate Church of St. Peter," which since 1560 has been the legal designation for what Shakespeare calls "the Cathedral Church of Westminster." If we may place any reliance on tradition, a church was built there by King Sebert in 616. Of the abbey church built by King Edward the Confessor, which Henry III. demolished *quasi nullius omnino valoris*, the bases of two pillars may still be seen under the splendid mosaic of the *sacrarium*. The present building was the slow growth of five centuries. Begun by Henry III., and by him carried as far as the first pillar of the choir, it was continued by Edward I. as far as the first pillar of the nave. Richard II. built four or five more bays of the nave, and when it it had been still further extended under Henry V., the nearly completed building was used at the *Te Deum* for the victory at Agincourt on November 23, 1415. The west end was built by Islip, who became abbot in 1500. Henry VII.'s glorious chapel was begun in 1513. The western towers, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, were not finished till about 1740. Thus the mere material structure reminds us of the condition and fortunes of England during many stages of her national career, and represents the three great phases of Norman, Gothic, and perpendicular architecture, as well as the Italian taste of the Georgian era.

By any nation in the world Westminster Abbey would be regarded as a precious possession, but it is not always borne in mind that it is *unique* in its preciousness. Other nations possess, or have possessed, the burial-places where "kings had their gorgeous obsequies." The Byzantine emperors lay in their splendid sarcophagi of porphyry at St. Sophia; the kings of France were entombed at St. Denys; the kings of Spain at the Escorial; the czars

of Russia at Moscow and St. Petersburg; the emperors of Germany and Austria at Innsbruck and Vienna; the popes of Rome at St. Peter's. In few of these instances was the scene of burial the scene also of coronation; but in the Abbey

that antique pile behold,  
Where royal heads receive their sacred gold;  
It gives their crowns and does their ashes keep,  
Here made like gods, like mortals here they sleep.

Other nations, too, have had buildings consecrated to the honor of the illustrious dead. Athens had her Stoa Poecile in memory of Marathon; Rome had her statue-crowned Forum; France has her Pantheon; Germany her Valhalla; Italy her Santa Croce in Florence. But Westminster Abbey is something more than all these. It is a church which for centuries has gathered myriads of worshippers under its "high-embowed roof," as well as a place where kings have been baptized, and crowned, and married, and interred. It is a place of commemoration for every variety of departed genius and worth. It is haunted by innumerable memories. English literature is crowded with allusions to its majestic solemnity. It enshrines and illustrates the many varying tendencies of art. It has received an impress in age after age from the changing phases of religion. It has witnessed a thousand tragic and tender scenes in which the grandest of national events has been colored with the joy or pathos of individual destinies. Through every chapel and ambulatory of it flows the full majestic stream of English history; into every nook and corner of it have eddied the lesser rivulets and backwaters of human life.

There is no other building in the whole world where it is so impossible to take a single step without being endlessly reminded of great thoughts, of great men, of great events. Its popular name recalls the whole history of the Church, the influence of the East on Christian feelings, the growth of monasticism, the Middle Ages, the scholastic theology, the Reformation. The entire structure, even down to the minutest detail, is one vast religious symbol of the Trinity, the crucifixion, the resurrection, the communion of saints, the grace of the sacraments, the expulsion of evil spirits and evil influences. The immediate impression it was meant to make on the beholder was to recall to him the thought of God and the thought of death.

They dreamt not of a perishable home  
 Who thus could build. Be mine in hours of  
 fear,  
 Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here,  
 Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam,  
 Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing  
 foam  
 Melts if it cross the threshold.

As we wander through the vast building,  
 the spirit of Shakespeare himself might  
 seem to glide with us, and point us now  
 to —

A base foul stone made precious by the foil  
 Of England's chair; \*  
 now to —

The monumental sword that conquered  
 France;

now to the helmet —

Which did affright the air of Agincourt;  
 or to the saddle into which the young  
 hero king —

Vaulted with such ease into his seat  
 As if an angel dropped down from the clouds,  
 To witch the world with noble horsemanship. †

And here, hard by his own cenotaph,  
 in Poets' Corner, on the spot which, as  
 Fuller says, "is enough almost to make  
 passengers' feet to move metrically, who  
 go over the place where so much poetical  
 dust is interred," is the grave of Spenser,  
 by which Shakespeare may himself have  
 stood at the poet's funeral with Beaumont  
 and Fletcher, and into which his own pen  
 may have been thrown with the elegies of  
 other poets and the pens that wrote them. ‡  
 But while the words of Shakespeare add  
 so deep an interest to the tombs and relics  
 of the Abbey, we may take many another  
 master of English literature as our guide.  
 Addison, in "The Spectator," will accom-  
 pany us with Sir Roger de Coverley.  
 Steele will take us with him to find materials  
 for his "Tatler," and Charles Lamb  
 for his "Elia," and Washington Irving for  
 his "Sketch-book," and Charles Kingsley  
 for his "American Lecture." Macaulay  
 shall point out to us where "over those  
 venerable graves towers the stately monu-  
 ment of Chatham, and from above, his  
 effigy, graven by a cunning hand, seems  
 still with eagle face and outstretched arm  
 to bid England be of good cheer and to

hurl defiance at her foes;" or he shall  
 take us to look at the monument of Pitt  
 over the western door, where the heaven-  
 born minister stands in the attitude so  
 well known to his contemporaries, while  
 drawing up his haughty head and stretch-  
 ing out his arm with commanding gesture,  
 he pours forth the lofty language of inex-  
 tinguishable hope.

Or, leaving the graves and cenotaphs of  
 poets, orators, musicians, and great actors,  
 and passing to the north transept by Flax-  
 man's monument over the grave where

Murray, long enough his country's pride,  
 Is now no more than Tully or than Hyde —

is there any other spot of ground in all the  
 world in which, within the space of a few  
 yards, lie the mortal remains of a group  
 of statesmen so eminent as Chatham, Pitt,  
 Fox, Grattan, Wilberforce, Castlereagh,  
 the two Cannings, and Palmerston? As  
 he stands upon their graves who can fail  
 to feel the force of the lesson pointed alike  
 by Macaulay and by Scott? To Macau-  
 lay, \* who so often alludes to the Abbey,  
 it was "that temple of silence and recon-  
 ciliation where the enmities of twenty  
 generations lie buried; the great Abbey  
 which has, during many ages, afforded a  
 quiet resting-place to those whose minds  
 and bodies have been shattered by the  
 contentions of the great hall." To Scott  
 it pointed the same lesson. Speaking of  
 the close vicinity of the coffins of Pitt and  
 Fox, he says: —

The solemn echo seems to cry,  
 Here let their discord with them die;  
 Here where the end of earthly things  
 Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings;  
 Here where the fretted aisles prolong  
 The distant notes of holy song,  
 As if some angel spoke again,  
 "All peace on earth, good will to men;"  
 If ever from an English heart  
 O here let prejudice depart! †

This, however, is but one of the many  
 national lessons which here "the stone  
 shall cry out, and the beam out of the  
 timber answer it." I will not dwell on the  
 trite yet certain truth of the vanity of  
 human wishes which made Washington  
 Irving see "in this vast assembly of sepul-  
 chres a treasury of humiliation, a huge  
 pile of reiterated homilies on the empti-  
 ness of renown and the certainty of obliv-  
 ion." Nor need I repeat with Kingsley,  
 that "awful is the Abbey, but not sad; for  
 it is a symbol of both worlds, the seen and

\* Richard III., act v., sc. 3. Compare Henry VI.,  
 Part II., act i. sc. 2: —

“ Methinks I sate in seat of majesty  
 In the Cathedral Church of Westminster,  
 And in that chair where kings and queens are  
 crowned.”

† Henry IV., part I., act i., sc. 2.

‡ Stanley's Memorials, p. 270.

\* Essay on Warren Hastings.

† Marmion, Introduction to Canto I. (abbreviated).

the unseen, and of the veil, thin as a cobweb, and yet opaque as night which parts the two." But I think that all may here be taught a duty much needed at all epochs, and not least in our own — the duty of tolerance, founded on the essential unity of all Christian faith, as seen in the light of death. Amid the vast diversity of religious opinions, in spite of the internecine conflicts of antagonistic sects, good men and saints of God for nearly a thousand years have here worshipped, with holy worship, the same Lord, in whose name they would fain have sent each other to the block or to the stake. We pause beside the pulpit. Here the Puritan divines thundered against the corruptions of Rome. Here the Romish preachers anathematized the apostasies of Puritanism. These walls have heard the voice of Cranmer as he addressed the boy-king on whom rested the hopes of the Reformers, and of Abbot Feckenham as he preached in cope and mitre to Philip of Spain and Mary Tudor. They have heard the Anglican South shooting out his arrows, even bitter words, against the Independents, and the Nonconformist Baxter pleading the cause of comprehension. They have heard Bishop Bonner, as he sang the Latin Mass, coming fresh perhaps from the death-warrant of martyrs; and the Puritan Stephen Marshall pouring forth before the House of Commons the eulogy of Pym. They heard the angry murmur of the people when the timeserving Sprat read James II.'s declaration of indulgence, and their deep hum of applause when Burnet prophesied the coming glories of William III. Here Wolsey received the hat of a cardinal, and Leighton the consecration of an archbishop. Here Cardinal Pole solemnly welcomed back the Church of England into the communion of the Church of Rome. Here, side by side, in their stately tomb lie the Tudor queens, of whom the one burnt Protestants for their faith, and the other sent Romish priests to the block for their treason, of whom one defeated the Armada equipped for the thraldom of England by the husband of the other — *Regno consortes et urna Maria et Elizabetha sorores*, sharers in one quiet grave, and wearers of the same uneasy crown. And opposite them lies the other ill-fated queen, Mary Stuart, whom Elizabeth sent to the block, and whose tomb was once supposed to be "resplendent with miracles." Here are alike the monuments of Dryden the Catholic and Sheffield Duke of Buckingham the highly

unorthodox, and Watts the Independent. The tomb of Popham the Roundhead colonel stands close beside that of Cary the Cavalier, who died heartbroken at the execution of Charles I. And here stands the statue of Milton, the mere mention of whose name in a single line of another's epitaph was once held to defile the Abbey. Many who would have cursed each other when living here lie side by side at peace, judged not by their unessential differences, but by the larger eyes of divine wisdom and national gratitude. Man's opinionativeness is no measure of God's infinitude, nor ought we to exclude from our sympathy those whom God does not exclude from his forgiving love. The censers may be different, yet the incense is the same; the form may be different, yet the faith one; the theology different, yet the righteousness identical. It is a fact of which we need often to be reminded, and which nowhere finds so emphatic a witness as within these venerable walls, — that "God is not the leader of a sect."

But the ways in which the Abbey exercises a beneficent and inspiring influence are very numerous.

It does so, for instance, by its direct appeal to noble ambition. The colossal monuments raised by the nation to her sea-warriors; to the gallant Sir Cloudesley Shovel, to Harvey, and Hutt, and Montague, killed at Brest in 1794; to Blair, and Blayne, and Lord Robert Manners, who fell in the West Indies under Rodney in 1782; to brave Captain Cornewell, shot down at Toulon in 1743; to Admiral Vernon, Sir Peter Warren, and others, show the pride that England felt in her naval supremacy, and the gratitude which she desired to show to her brave defenders. They explain the enthusiasm which consoled Nelson even under the thought of death in battle, and which gave rise to the famous exclamation: "To-morrow a peerage or Westminster Abbey." The trophies of Miltiades would not allow Themistocles to sleep. These monuments may have had a like effect on the minds of many an English sailor.

Nor have the great soldiers been forgotten. We still look with interest at the tomb of the standard-bearer of Agincourt, of Major Creed and Colonel Binglefield, who fell by Marlborough's side at Blenheim; and of Major André, who died a spy's death in the American war. Athens was proud that her sons had in one year fallen in many parts of Greece. Does it tell nothing of the warlike activity of England

that on the tablet to Sir R. Bingham (1598) we read how he had served his country in Scotland and Ireland, "in the Isle of Candy under the Venetians, at Lepanto against the Turks, in the civil wars of France, in the Netherlands, and at Smerwich where the Romanes and Irish were vanquished"? And we see how long that martial energy continued, when, on the neighboring tomb of General Trigge, we read that he fought in the Seven Years' War, took part in the battle of Miriden and in the defence of Gibraltar, and captured Surinam in the West Indies, dying in 1814.

Again, who can say how many may have been encouraged and stimulated in the pursuit of peace by these memorials of faithful duty and unforgotten effort?

Ever their statues rise before us,

Our loftier brothers, but one in blood;

At bed and table they lord it o'er us,

With looks of beauty and thoughts of good.

One day, a hundred years ago, a weary boy of fifteen, struggling under a load of books, which he had to carry as a book-seller's apprentice, turned into the Abbey for a moment's rest; he laid down his load and burst into involuntary tears as he thought of an obscure and lifelong serfdom. Then suddenly looking up, he caught sight of all the statues around him, and he thought: "These men fought bravely the battle of their life and won; and so will I." The incident proved to be a turning-point in his career. That boy was Joshua Marshman, the father-in-law of Havelock, the colleague of William Carey, the joint author of the Bengali grammar and the Sanskrit dictionary, the translator into English of the works of Confucius—one of the great pioneers of modern missions in the East. And if, as Johnson said, "the man is not to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona," so it is certain that multitudes have been taught and ennobled by the influences of the Abbey. I was in residence as canon during the last day's work of Dean Stanley and heard his last sermon. It was on a Saturday afternoon, and was one of a series—marked with all the exquisite charm of the dean's style—on the Beatitudes, illustrated by the characters of those buried in the Abbey. I remember well how he spoke of Newton, "than whom none ever had a whiter soul;" and of Margaret of Richmond, whose humility he illustrated by

her saying that "if the princes of Europe would cease their mutual quarrels and would go on a crusade, she would accompany them as their laundress." The dean's professed object was "to show that we have something in life worth striving for, and that this Abbey, by its various examples, has something worth teaching."

How deeply, too, have the influences of the Abbey affected the literature of England! Besides the poets and prose-writers whom we have mentioned, in what glowing terms it is alluded to by Beaumont and Fletcher, and Sir Thomas More and Milton, and Waller, and Burke, and by many another poet and orator from Chaucer and Skelton down to Wordsworth and Emerson! And who can say how many literary efforts owe their origin to the memories which it has awaked? To mention but one instance: it was while standing with Dean Milman under the bust of Warren Hastings, that Macaulay first determined to enrich our history with his splendid essay on the great proconsul.

Once more: have none been inspired to conspicuous self-denial for the good of their fellow-men by observing that men and women, without any other pre-eminence, have yet won themselves immortal names simply by the part they have played in great philanthropic movements? For there we find the tombs or memorials of Mrs. Katherine Bovey, who claims some share in the honor of having originated the plan of Sunday-schools; of Jonas Hanway, founder of the Foundling and Magdalen Hospitals; of Sarah, Duchess of Somerset, noted for her charities; of Dr. Andrew Bell, chief founder of the pupil-teacher system; of William Wilberforce and Sir Fowell Buxton, the liberators of the slaves; of Sir J. Mackintosh, who helped to reform our criminal code. There, on the tomb of Zachary Macaulay, we may read how "during a protracted life, with an intense but quiet perseverance which no success could relax, no reverse subdue, no toil, privation, or reproach could daunt, he devoted his time, talents, fortune, and all the energies of his mind and body to the service of the most injured and helpless of mankind;"\* and on the tomb of Granville Sharpe, how he aimed to rescue his country from the guilt of using the arm of freedom to rivet the fetters of the slave.

And this reminds me that I must not entirely pass over the teaching of epitaphs

\* The epitaph was written by the late Sir James Stephen.



and inscriptions. It is true that most of them are long, pompous, pedantic, illegible; and that, in some instances, as on the shocking epitaph of Gay —

Life is a jest, and all things show it:  
I thought so once, and now I know it —

they strike a radically false note. But here and there — not to speak of mere felicities of language — they inculcate a noble lesson. On the tomb of brave young Francis Holles we read that —

Man's life is measured by his works, not days;  
Not aged sloth but active youth hath praise.

Solon had the Athenian Hermæ inscribed with moral gnomes for the instruction of the multitude. Many a brief expression on an Abbey tomb serves the same purpose. Is there nothing striking in the line, "He feared man so little because he feared God so much," on the tomb of Lord Lawrence? Have none been stirred to generosity by the prayer that God would enable him to bless his fellow-men, recorded on the place where lie the remains of George Peabody? Who is not touched by the energetic reprobation of the slave-trade, "that open sore of the world," the last words ever written by Livingstone in his solitude, and here engraved upon his tomb? The two monosyllables, "Love — Serve," on the pedestal of the statue of Lord Shaftesbury, will epitomize for thousands the main moral teaching of the Gospels. Many more instances might be given, but I will only add that they may often be found in unnoticed corners. Few slabs are less noticed than that humble piece of marble which records Jeremiah Horrox, the young curate of Hoole, and the inventor of the micrometer, who died at twenty-two, after detecting the long inequality in the mean motion of Jupiter and Saturn, and determining the motion of the lunar apse. He was the first to observe the transit of Venus, on Sunday, November 24, 1639 (O.S.), in the brief interval between three full Sunday services. Important and intensely interesting as he knew the observation to be, he yet would not sacrifice to it one moment of his sacred duties, but nobly says of them, "*Ad majora avocatus quæ ob hæc parerga negligi non deuit.*"

I have said nothing here of the inestimable value of the Abbey and its monuments as preserving for us in a striking and concrete form the marvellously changing phases of art as represented by sculpture, and the manner in which those phases represent the influence of age after

age on the minds of the people, and on their mode of contemplating death. This and much more must be left untouched.

Obviously in this paper — *spatiis inclusus iniquis* — I have only been able to touch, as it were, on the outermost fringe of the subject; but even what I have written here may suffice to show the reason why I ask the question, and I would fain ask it of the whole English and American people — *What is to be the future of Westminster Abbey?*

I say of the American people as well of the English, for America, too, has a share, and a large one, in our national mausoleum. One great purpose that the building and its history may serve, is to bind the two nations — which are yet one nation — in closer union. Such burning questions as "fishery disputes" ought very rapidly to burn themselves out when Englishmen and Americans worship side by side in the Abbey, and remember that all its glories and memories up to the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, nay, up to the War of Independence, belong equally to both. "In signing away his own empire George III. did not sign away the empire of English law, of English literature, of English blood, of English religion, or of the English tongue." Elsewhere I have shown more fully the share of Americans in Westminster Abbey.\* It contains the bust of their most beloved poet. It is enriched by their gifts. It is the first object of their pilgrimage. They feel rightly and proudly that it is theirs as well as ours. Therefore, I ask Americans and Englishmen what shall be the future of a building which has been equally "a seat of royalty and a cradle of freedom"?

For hitherto there have always been one or two interments in it every year of men whose fame England would not willingly let die, and in the course of the next very few years those burials must finally cease. The dust of the mighty shall mingle under its pavement no longer; and, what is even more to be regretted, a few more memorials — and very few — will exhaust the possibility of continuing the long, unbroken line of its famous records. The stream of English history which has flowed through it since the days of the sainted Confessor will cease to flow. It will become a record of a proud past, but of a past which it will no longer link into any continuity with the living present. If the student or the patriot wishes to find some contemporary trace of any past age

\* In a paper in *Harper's Magazine*.

of English story — of the struggles of Saxon and Norman, of the Plantagenets, of the Crusaders, of the Barons' War, of mediæval thought, and worship, and legend, of the Tudors, of the Stuarts, of the house of Hanover, of the Renaissance, of the Reformation, of the eighteenth century, of the dawn of literature, of the dawn of science, of the dawn of philanthropy, of the dawn of art, of the drama, of the pursuits of peace, of glorious wars by sea and land, of education, of men's thoughts about life and death at any particular epoch — he has only to walk into the Abbey and he will find them. He may look at the sculptured shields of the Confessor, of Louis IX., of Frederic Barbarossa, of Simon de Montfort; he may see Aylmer de Valence, riding to Bannockburn with the mantelets streaming from his helmet; he may see the bas-relief of the first pupil teacher instructing his class of junior boys; he may look on the tomb of Chaucer; he may read the epitaphs of Pope. The antiquarian may study the armor of Prince John of Eltham, or the jewelled bodice of Blanche de la Tour, or the peaked shoes of Edward the First, or the horned headdress of Queen Philippa, or the exquisite Limoges enamel on the tomb of William de Valence, or the fine hammered ironwork which protects the tomb of good Queen Eleanor. The herald may find a hundred quaint devices which are but little known, and the historian may find proofs of facts and feelings which have found their way into no ordinary record. Are these memorials to cease forever? Shall our descendants, centuries hence, look in vain in the Abbey for any traces of the thoughts, emotions, discoveries, arts, religion, of the generations which succeeded Queen Victoria?

It need not be so. Mr. Shaw Lefevre, in the last number of the *Nineteenth Century*, has mentioned a plan for building a cloister or chapel — in immediate connection with the Abbey, and forming part of its buildings — which many years ago, in a slightly different form, excited the warm interest of the late prince consort. He has suggested that part of a certain derelict fund of public money be applied to assist in the large expense which will be required for carrying out this design. If this sum be granted by the House of Commons, the rest can and will be raised by public subscriptions. It does not follow that the exact design suggested will be ultimately carried out. Other plans, and perhaps better ones, may be devised; but the great main question

is whether there be in the English nation — aided as we doubtless shall be by the splendid generosity of America — enough of magnanimity, of public spirit, of pride in and gratitude for England's unequalled past, to consider the advantage of the generations yet unborn, and to see that Westminster Abbey should continue to be in the future what it has been in the past. When the Athenians bade Pheidias to make his statue of Athena in the Parthenon of ivory and gold, because those were the costliest materials, they showed the spirit of a great nation which says, *Nil parvo aut humili modo*.

Is it too much to hope that, both in Parliament and elsewhere, all the meaner self-interest and niggardly economies of the present may be laid aside, and that the question how best to preserve and continue the rich historic associations of the Abbey for ages yet to come, may be approached in the large and generous spirit which shall prove us to be worthy inheritors of the memories which the great Abbey sets before us in so visible a form?

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### IRISH HOUSEKEEPING AND IRISH CUSTOMS IN THE LAST CENTURY.\*

THE past exercises a certain fascination over the mind. We like to hear of those who lived in the days when we were not; their customs interest us, and distance veils in part the discomforts they endured. A sketch, then, though necessarily brief and imperfect, of every-day life in Ireland during the last century, may have a degree of novelty for readers already familiar through history, biography, and tradition with English customs at the same period.

Irish life one hundred years ago, while marked by characteristic features, resembled in many particulars that of the Scotch, as depicted by their great novelist. Mrs. Pendarves, afterwards Mrs. Delany, who first visited the country in 1731, writes of the people: "There is a heartiness among them that is more like Cornwall than any I have known, and great sociableness;" but if one may judge of the contemporary Cornish from Baring Gould's "Gaverocks" and "John Herring," the Irish

\* The writer begs to acknowledge the kindness of Mrs. Morgan John O'Connell, of Longfield, Co. Tipperary, who supplied many interesting details of Clare, Cork, and Kerry customs, and also gave permission to print extracts from MSS. in her possession.

had the advantage on the score of refinement. This was probably owing to the constant communication kept up with France and Spain.

Visitors to the capital describe it as having been a gay and charming city. In most ways it was superior to the Dublin of 1888. Men of rank and wealth resided there, and kept up state consistent with their position; it had not yet sunk to the level of a provincial town; and we get glowing accounts of the Duke of Leinster's stately dwelling in Kildare Street, and the decorations of Moira House, of Lord Charlemont's town house in Rutland Square, and his country place, Marino, at Clontarf; of "Buck" Whalley's residence in Stephen's Green, and the Earl of Meath's mansion close by, — all of which, and many others, have now been transformed into convents, colleges, hospitals, government offices, or other public institutions. There were balls, dinners, receptions, masquerades, operas, and concerts in abundance. Arthur Young says: "Dublin far exceeded my expectations. . . . There is very good society there in a Parliamentary winter; a great round of dinners, and parties, and balls, and suppers every night in the week, some of which are very elegant."

Ridottos were held, to which the men subscribed two moidores apiece, and got in return two tickets to present to ladies of their acquaintance. There were also subscription concerts on the same plan, so that we are told "the women were at no expense for their entertainment." One curious custom is mentioned — namely, that on the 23d of October, the anniversary of the Irish Rebellion of 1641, open house was held at the Castle, and the numerous guests were sumptuously feasted. Dinner over, the doors were thrown open, and the crowd outside permitted to rush in, clear the dishes, and carry off the fragments.

We read with interest of a visit paid to the Irish House of Commons by two ladies, thus recorded by one of them: —

We rose at nine o'clock, put on our genteel dishabille, and went to the Parliament House at eleven to hear an election determined. The parties were Brigadier Parker, the sitting member, and Mr. Ponsonby, the petitioner. Mr. Southwell's interest was the first, and the last was Sir Richard Meade's. . . . I believe we were the most impartial hearers among all the ladies that were there, though rather inclined to Sir Richard Meade's side. I was very well entertained. . . . Mr. Hamilton brought us up chicken and ham and tongue, and everything we could desire. At four

o'clock the Speaker adjourned the House till five. We then were conveyed by some gentlemen of our acquaintance into the Usher of the Black Rod's room where we had a good fire, meat, tea, and bread-and-butter. When the House reassembled we resumed our seats, and stayed till eight.

Dublin was, however, at no period a typically Irish city, and if we seek traces of customs now obsolete, we must collect the traditions of the west and south-west, for there old ways lingered longest, and isolation from the busy world of fashion and politics tended to concentrate the interest of women in particular on their household affairs. Life in these remote districts, if sometimes painfully exciting, was not lively as a rule; but the people were always gay and light-hearted, until the famine of 1848, which changed at once and forever the national character. A ride of fifteen miles or thereabouts to a neighbor's house for dinner or a dance was quite an ordinary affair; every one was hospitable, and it was customary to set each day two or three extra places at table on the chance of stray guests. "They not only treat us magnificently," writes Mrs. Pendarves from Mayo, "but if we are to go to an inn, they constantly provide us with a basket crammed with good things. No people can be more hospitable or obliging, and there is not only great abundance, but great order and neatness. The roads are much better in Ireland than in England, mostly causeways, a little jumbling, but very safe." In all parts of which this last remark held good, the gentry kept handsome coaches or chariots, drawn by four or six horses, according to their rank and means; but in mountainous districts, where there were only rough bridle-paths, ladies rode on pillion behind a male relative or a groom, and continued the practice even when quite old women. It may be added, that until about seventy years ago horses were not clipped, while cobs were cropped — that is, had their ears and tail docked, like terriers. Every lady, no matter how remote the place where she lived, wore at that period a silk gown when dressed for the day, it being an epoch when people kept things "for best." In the morning, and when occupied in household duties, woollen was in winter the favorite wear, and in summer, linen, stamped in gay colors like chintz, and very durable. The manufacture has since been discontinued, but it might with advantage be revived. Hunting and dancing were the favorite amusements, together with the national

game of hurling, a species of hockey. Great interest was taken in matches between opposing counties or baronies, and we even hear of games played in Paris by the Irish Jacobite exiles, wherein Munster was pitted against Leinster, and each side had its champion hurler. Nearly all the sons and daughters of the Irish Catholic gentry were educated abroad. They thus had engrafted on their Irish liveliness that stateliness and dignity characteristic of Continental society previous to the French Revolution. The difficulty was to get them safely away, to conceal their absence, and then to secure their return home. Jane O'Connor of Clonalis, great grandmother to the present writer, was brought back from her Parisian convent by the Rev. Dr. Clifford, a priest of the Sorbonne, and great danger to both was involved in the journey. Dr. Clifford's clerical character of course was concealed, and the girl, who rode behind him on a pillion through France and England, her maid similarly mounted on a groom's horse, doubtless passed for his daughter. All the upper classes spoke and wrote English. Irish was in general use for communicating with servants and tenants unacquainted with the Sassenach tongue. French or Spanish was naturally acquired by the upper classes while residing in the country where one or other was spoken; and Latin was a language familiar even to Kerry and Galway peasants, as we learn from the pope's Nuncio Rinuccini.

All the best Irish families were poor — at any rate, all who were purely Irish, as distinguished from Anglo-Irish; but they were proud to a degree. They looked on most of their rich neighbors as *parvenus*, and received and exacted as much respect and homage as if still in possession of the estates that had fallen into other hands.

"My dear," said a Galway lady of the old school, speaking of a well-known nobleman, "you cannot say *he* is of ancient birth; why, his ancestor only came to this country in the reign of Henry II.!" — a fair record, some dukes might think, who trace no higher than the seventeenth century.

After the invasion of Ireland in 1172, five families — the O'Neills of Ulster, the O'Conors of Connaught, the O'Melachlins of Meath, the M'Moraghs of Leinster, and the O'Briens of Thomond — were granted a special charter allowing them the benefit of English laws, and were known as *de quinque sanguinibus*, or the "five bloods." In the eighteenth century the descendants of the first and last

named, Viscount O'Neill and Lord Inchiquin, bore English titles, but the representatives of the other three were men of fallen fortunes. Arthur Young,\* writing in 1779, says: "At Clonells (Clonalis), near Castlereagh, lives O'Connor, the direct descendant of Roderick O'Connor, who was king of Ireland six or seven hundred years ago. There is a monument of him in Roscommon Church, with his sceptre, etc. I was told as a certainty that this family were here long before the coming of the Milesians. Their possessions, formerly so great, are much reduced. . . . The common people pay him the greatest respect, and send him presents of cattle, etc., upon various occasions. They regard him as the prince of a people involved in one common ruin."

We are told of M'Dermot, known as the Prince of Coolavin, who belonged to one of the principal Connaught families, that his income in 1776 barely amounted to £100 a year, yet he never suffered his children to sit down in his presence. Lady Morgan adds that his daughter-in-law alone was permitted to eat at his table; even his wife was not accorded this privilege, as, though well-born, she was not of royal blood. When Lord Kingsborough, Mr. Ponsonby, Mr. O'Hara, Mr. Sandford, and others, all men of position, came to see him, he only took notice of the two last-named, whom he thus addressed: "O'Hara, you are welcome! Sandford, I am glad to see your mother's son" (his mother was an O'Brien). "As to the rest of ye, come in as ye can." One more illustration, and we have done. A certain Mrs. D——, a Roscommon woman, and a friend of the writer's family, died some eighteen or twenty years ago, being then an extremely old woman, but retaining her memory, her sharp tongue, and her grand manner to the last. Of her it was related that in her youth, being a noted beauty and toast, she was complimented by being requested to open a county ball. On her way to the entertainment some delay occurred through her carriage breaking down, and on arriving she found to her mortification that, having waited for her in vain, the stewards had called on a rival belle to lead off the first dance.

\* While accurate on the whole, Arthur Young, from not knowing Irish history, falls into two or three errors. The O'Conors are descended from Thorlough O'Connor, Roderick's father, through his second son, *Cathal Croidhearg*, or Charles of the Red Hand. Roderick is buried at Cong in County Galway. The monument in Roscommon Abbey is that of Felim O'Connor, the son of Cathal Croidhearg, who died in 1265, and was buried in the Dominican monastery he had founded ten years before.

The indignant fair one was equal to the emergency. She promptly desired the attendants, who dared not disobey, to place benches across the assembly room, so as to cut off the party dancing at the upper end, and sent a peremptory order to the musicians to cease playing until she gave a signal. Then taking up her position with her friends outside the barrier she had created, she announced: "Ladies and gentlemen, the ball will *now* begin; and you will please remember that *wherever Mrs. D— of C— stands, is the head of the room!*"

At all times the Irish carefully traced and preserved their pedigrees, the Ollams, or Seanchaidhe, being especially devoted to genealogy before the advent of the Normans. Yet while haughtiness of manner and family pride were characteristic of the eighteenth century, these people were kindly, warm-hearted, sympathetic to their equals and to those admittedly their inferiors. The consciousness of having, through no fault of theirs, lost land, money, and position, occasioned and excused many outbursts of self-assertion, that under happier circumstances would have been unpardonable.

We have said that women found their chief interest and occupation in household affairs. They attended to many details now delegated to servants, and frequently, like the gentlewomen of the Middle Ages, led a secluded life spinning or embroidering with their maids. Numerous attendants were *de rigueur* at the period of which we write. Wages were low, and food was plentiful, so the kitchens of country-houses were filled with troops of sturdy, red-armed, bare-footed lasses, who carried home peat, the sole fuel, drew water in pitchers from the well, ground corn in a stone quern as Eastern women still do, milked the cows and helped about the dairy in summer; prepared flax, cleaned and scutched it, and spun it into thread during the long winter evenings, by the glare of a bog-wood torch or the feeble light of rush candles.

Bad to have many horses without ploughing to do;

Bad to have many maidens without spinning to do,

says a Kerry proverb.

Rough lads were always to be found hanging about the stable-yard, ready to run errands or lead round a visitor's horse. Besides these irregulars, there was a staff of upper servants who waited at table, cooked, washed, did fine sewing, and all

the lighter work of the establishment. The men were provided with livery; the women were neatly dressed, and wore shoes and stockings. Families of any position kept a butler; each lady had her own maid, each gentleman his man, these being, as a rule, foster-sister and foster-brother to those they served. The ties of fosterage were considered in Ireland to be as sacred as those of blood; and as all children of the better classes were given out to nurse, they had a number of *quasi* relations amongst their tenants and dependants. We frequently hear of one foster-brother giving his life for another, and of a young man of family joining the Irish brigade in France, or Spain, or Austria, accompanied by the son of his peasant fosterer, who would fight as a private in the regiment his master commanded, and die if need be at his side. In the romantic family traditions common in Ireland, when a beautiful girl falls in love with one who differs from her in rank, creed, or politics, a foster-sister is almost invariably reported to have been her messenger and confidant.

A well-known character in Irish country-houses was the old sportsman or keeper, who could do a little of everything; who knew the bend of the river where salmon rose freely or trout lurked behind stones, the coppice where a litter of foxes was hidden, the corner of the plantation nearest the oat-field beloved by the pheasants; who was an authority on bait, traps, and snares, and whose principal duty was to keep his master's table supplied with game and fish.

The cost of living was less than in England at the same period. We hear of a wife, three children, a nurse, three maids, three men, a good table, a carriage and four horses, being kept for £500 a year.

Servants in the last century were not highly paid. Fifteen shillings to a pound a year was all the rougher domestics received, in addition to food and clothing. A footman earned from four to six guineas per annum; a professed woman-cook might be had for six guineas, a good housemaid for three pounds, a kitchen-maid for two pounds or less; and a butler, the best paid of all, was happy with from ten to twelve pounds a year. Their food was plain but abundant. For breakfast they had porridge or "brick bread" and milk. Brick bread consisted of whole meal coarsely ground and made into flat round cakes, baked on a griddle over peat embers; it probably derived its name from the Irish word *brack*, speckled. For dinner there was salt meat and vegetables,



eggs, and occasionally fish, with abundance of potatoes, accompanied by "piggins" or "noggins" of butter-milk or cider. Piggins and noggins, it may be explained, are beechen drinking-vessels with a handle, resembling miniature milking-pails. Delf was little used, the servants eating off pewter. Arthur O'Leary, the outlaw, was proscribed by the government for refusing to sell his priceless mare for £5, as was then the law for Catholics. He stood a siege, and resisted stoutly, aided by his beautiful wife, Dark Eileen O'Connell. She had married him in opposition to her family, and clung to him with unswerving devotion through all the vicissitudes of his checkered career. She loaded his guns as he fired, and when ammunition ran short, had the servants' pewter plates and dishes melted down and cast into bullets, while her linen was torn up for gun-wads. Her husband was afterwards shot by soldiers, May 14, 1773, and she wrote in Irish a highly poetical *caoin* (pronounced *keen*), or funeral chant, which is still in existence. In this she tells of her happy home, her wedding, the feast on her home-coming, her peaceful, luxurious life, their many friends, the gay hunting-parties, and contrasts past joys with present woe. She describes the murder, — how the riderless mare came home, how she sprang on its back and rode to find the corpse — her horror at the sight; and she ends by fiercely vowing vengeance on Morris, the instigator of the crime. Truly, from some aspects, one hundred years ago seems very far off; and it is difficult to believe that Dark Eileen, with her outlawed lover and her wild death-song, was aunt to a personage as prosaic and modern as Daniel O'Connell. There was infinitely less difference between manners and customs in the reign of Elizabeth and those in the reign of George III., than between the times of George III. and the days of Queen Victoria.

To return to our domestic details. Salmon was so abundant in some places that it was not unusual for servants entering a new situation to stipulate that they should not be required to eat it oftener than three days in the week. Similar agreements, we are told, used to be made between masters and servants in the districts watered by the Scottish salmon rivers, down to the beginning of the present century. Every mansion had an orchard and a cider-house attached, with press and various utensils complete, so that no one entered the servants' hall and retired with thirst

unquenched. As tea cost from fifteen to twenty shillings a pound, it was a luxury never bestowed on domestics, unless by way of a special favor, or in case of illness, its medicinal value being rated highly, but the butler or lady's-maid sometimes secured a little after the family meals. In the breakfast-room two tables were laid every morning. At one the mistress of the house presided; it was supplied with tea, coffee, and sometimes chocolate. Mrs. Delany speaks of "tea, coffee, toast-and-butter, caudle, etc." There was abundance of home-made bread, white and brown, soda-cakes, slim-cakes, and other delicacies familiar to Irishmen — cream, fresh butter, honey, preserves, and fruit. At the other table, intended for the men of the family, appeared substantial joints of cold beef and mutton, ham, cold fowl, game pies, and fish, with potatoes, washed down by claret, cider, and strong ale in abundance. The ladies seldom partook of this substantial fare except on a hunting morning; and it was customary for the men, having satisfied their appetites, to draw near their hostess and take a cup of tea from her hands. It must be remembered that in those days lunch as a meal was not known; even at a comparatively late period it was looked on as an effeminate institution, nor is it to this day as much favored in Ireland by gentlemen as in England. In the last century only two meals a day were eaten by many men, or three at the most, the third being a nine-o'clock supper; and though their wives and daughters sipped tea in the interval, the lords of creation disdained the beverage.

Dinner was generally served at four P.M. It was abundant to profusion. The wines were excellent, being the choicest produce of French and Spanish vineyards, whose quality was remarked by almost all visitors to Ireland; and the potations were, as at the same period in England, long and deep. Costly silver, handsome glass and china, and the finest linen, appeared in all the better-class houses. A characteristic feature was "the potatoring." This was of silver, richly chased, and was used to support the great bowl in which potatoes were then brought to table. The sequence of the courses differed widely from that now general. Soups came in the third or fourth place; fish, flesh, and sweets jostled each other; while potted meats and cold pasties were not unfrequent items on the bill of fare. For more accurate knowledge of what our ancestors ate at their principal meal, we

are indebted to a chronicler of the time. In 1747 she sends the following *menu* of a dinner to her sister; the quaint spelling is retained :—

*First Course.* — Fish, beef-steaks, rabbit and onions, fillet of veal, blamange, cherries, Dutch cheese.

*Second Course.* — Turkey, pout (pouit?), salmon, pickled salmon, grilde (grilse?), and quails, little terrene peas, cream, mushrooms terrene, apple-pye, crabs, leveret, cheese-cakes, almond cream, currants and gooseberries, orange butter.

*Dessert.* — Raspberries and cream, sweetmeats and jelly, strawberries and cream.

She adds :—

I give as little hot meat as possible. The invitation was "to beef-stakes," which we are famous for.

A less elaborate meal is thus recorded :

*First Course.* — Turkeys *endoue* (?), boyled neck of mutton, greens, etc., soup, plum-pudding, roast loin of veal, venison pasty.

*Second Course.* — Partridge, sweetbread, collared pig, creamed apple-tart, crabs, fricassee of eggs, pigeons.

No dessert to be had.

On the 6th of October, 1764, at a dinner given to eleven persons in honor of a marriage, this was the bill of fare :—

Turbot and soles, remove ham, forcemeat, etc., 2 partridges and 2 grouse, rabbits and onions [apparently a favorite dish], sweetbreads and crumbs, salmigundi, soup, boyled chicken, collop veal and olives, pease, cream-pudding, plumb crocant, chine of mutton, turkey in jelly, hare, lobster fricassee.

*Dessert.* — Nine things, six of them fruit out of our own garden, and plate of fine alpine strawberries.

As the writer was a woman who mixed in the best society from her childhood, and as her husband, if not rich, was comfortably off, her dinners may be taken as fair specimens of their class. Supper differed from dinner only in the number of dishes being fewer.

A novel mode of cooking was popular in Mayo. It consisted in roasting a sheep whole in its skin, and was called "swilled mouton." This is the "hogg in hairst," as it was styled north of the Tay. We are assured by those who tasted it that it was excellent — so good, indeed that nothing else was eaten when it was to be had.

While all the necessities of life were cheap and abundant, the gentry of the west and south-west coasts depended for rum, claret, Spanish wines, snuff, silk stockings, cambric, French shoes and gloves, laces, dried fruit, and other luxu-

ries, on the smugglers who abounded at the time. None amongst them thought smuggling wrong. The government forbade it, of course; but then it forbade many things which they knew were not sinful, and moreover, being Jacobites to a man, they did not acknowledge its authority. Protestants condoned the practice for the sake of the good things they gained thereby; and even some magistrates, it was whispered, were not averse to finding mysterious casks of rum, or rolls of silk, laid at their door during the night. If they suspected the donors, they were prudent men, who held their peace on the subject, and were discreetly blind to the comings and goings of strange craft. The Catholics, apart from profit, were thrown, by circumstances and the penal laws, into the arms of the contraband traders, who, when no ordinary seamen would take the risk, conveyed their sons and daughters to the Continent for education; who brought tidings from exiled friends and relatives at the courts of St. Germain, Vienna, or Madrid; and who perilled their lives many a time and oft to secure spiritual ministrations to their patrons, by landing disguised priests on their shores. They were brave fellows those smugglers, and kindly despite their calling.

In country places, remote from shops, all ordinary domestic requisites were made at home. Most Irish gentlewomen, even poetesses like Eileen Dhuv, were notable housekeepers; with the valiant woman of the Scriptures, they "sought wool and flax, and wrought by the counsel of their hands." "Go to your spinners" was, one hundred years ago, a form of rebuke from a husband to a wife, when the latter showed a disposition to meddle in matters outside her province.

The heroine of the old ballad says, —

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,  
I'll sell my only spinning-wheel,  
To buy my love a sword of steel;

and devotion could go no further.

English ladies at the same period had not abandoned the spinning-wheel. Mrs. Delany, and her mother Mrs. Granville, were noted spinners. The former had the honor of giving a lesson in the art to Queen Charlotte, and we hear the pupil succeeded "tolerably well for a queen." Many Irish families possess to this day fine linen woven from thread spun by a great-great-grandmother. Weavers lived in every village who were glad to earn a few shillings in the week by working for

families around. The web was made in different qualities, according to the purpose for which it was intended; one almost as coarse as canvas was for servants' sheets and shirts, or linen to be given to the poor; another somewhat finer, such as Mrs. Ernest Hart now employs for embroidering on, was intended for the upper servants; the very finest was for family use. A kind of diaper was also made with a diamond pattern, for towelling, very strong and durable, and tablecloths of various lengths and degrees of fineness. One of the patterns, having a raised double cross-bar, was known as "farmer's fancy," and is still made in Clare and Kerry. It seemed hardly possible to wear out these home-made linens.

Wool, too, was spun at home, and made into frieze, flannel, blankets, and coarse stuff for maidservants' gowns and petticoats. The blankets were much too heavy for use, according to modern notions, but our ancestors associated weight with heat, and bore the load uncomplainingly. They were woven in the favorite double-diamond or herring-bone patterns, and were almost everlasting in wear. Counterpanes for servants' use were made of dull green or russet flannel, stuffed with the *dhags* or *dhaggauns*—that is, the short coarse wool off the sheep's legs, with the trimmings of the fleeces, and quilted on a frame. Similar articles are still to be seen in many Connaught cottages. The wife of the shepherd always claimed, as her perquisite, such tufts of wool as were found attached to briers, and many a comfortable pair of socks her husband gained thereby. Angry farmers often accused the women of deliberately driving sheep through hedges to secure a more abundant supply of their fleecy covering. To make grey frieze, a certain proportion of black sheep's wool was, and still is, taken; a small quantity of undyed wool; the same of wool colored with indigo; and the rest, having first been boiled in a decoction of the young shoots and leaves of the alder, was dyed with *dhuv*, a sticky resinous black stuff, most likely a vegetable product, found in small quantities in certain bog-holes.

A great feature of Kerry life in the last century was the annual slaughtering of the cattle. Stall-feeding was unknown, and at that period very few grew turnips or mangels; consequently, in the November of each year, all the superfluous stock was sacrificed and pickled for winter use. This was the Anglo-Saxon custom, from which November derived its name of

Slagtmaand, or the month of slaughter. An old lady still living in County Limerick remembers the last survival of the usage, the killing of a cow each Christmas for distribution amongst the poor. One can fancy how busy all good housekeepers must have been, having personally to superintend the scouring and scalding of pickle-vats, and the making of strong brine to fill them anew. Salt meat, in quantities sufficient to last until summer, no matter what demands were made on "the master's" hospitality, was laid by, and formed during the cold season the *pièce de resistance* at the family board, supplemented by fresh fish, fowl, and game. The hides were salted and laid aside for a time, then thrown into tan-pits filled with water and oak-bark. When dressed, they were made into the brogues formerly worn by the peasantry. Though the word is now used to designate a clumsy, hobnailed boot, the original Irish brogue was a kind of moccasin of soft skin, doubled or trebled for the sole, and laced with thongs of hide or sinew half-way to the knee. The skin of a little Kerry sufficed to make two pairs. Italian *contadini* still wear a somewhat similar foot-covering, but made with the hair on.

A home industry arising from this prodigious storing of provisions was the manufacture of rushlights or dips for the servants' use. While wax candles illuminated the dining-room, the drawing-rooms, and the bed-chambers, these others were alone employed in the kitchen. All the superfluous fat was set aside to make them at the time of the annual slaughter; but if the supply ran short, it was readily augmented by the contents of the dripping-pan, which no mistress at that period dreamt of considering as her cook's perquisite. On this point modern mistresses might, with advantage, imitate their great-grandmothers, who knew that granting perquisites encouraged dishonesty. Amongst the kitchen utensils the "greasehood" (pr. grisset) held a prominent place—this being a long, shallow iron vessel, resembling an exaggerated ladle, used for melting the tallow. Old-fashioned pairs of tongs may yet be seen which were used in conjunction with it. These had in the centre of each plate a groove through which the liquid grease ran into the pan beneath, when, as was sometimes customary, they were heated red-hot, and used to squeeze pieces of fat. This was considered wasteful and extravagant, and was adopted only by the careless, who had neglected to store their

rushlights in time, and so were compelled to make some hurriedly for immediate use. In summer, the very old and the very young, with other feeble persons, were employed in cutting rushes, the best kind for candle-making being the common soft *Funcus conglomeratus*. These grow best by river-banks and in marshy pastures. The longest and plumpest were selected, and deprived of the outer green covering, a process facilitated by first steeping them in water. One very narrow strip alone was left from top to bottom as a support for the pith, or two if the dip was intended for a night light, when it burned slowly and with a feeble flame. After being peeled, the rushes were bleached on the grass, and then dried in the sun. Six pounds of grease were allowed to a pound of rushes; these last required to cool between each immersion in the boiling fat, and were dipped again and again until of sufficient size. Where bees were kept, a small quantity of wax was added to the tallow, the candles acquiring greater consistency thereby, but mutton fat was considered to answer the same purpose. The rushlights thus formed burned from half an hour to forty minutes on an average. A curiously shaped candlestick was used to hold them, and similar ones are still employed for the purpose by some of the Connaught peasants. Machine-made candles, however, are now so cheap, and paraffine oil is in such general use, that only in the remotest districts does one see a home-made rushlight.

A County Tipperary lady, living until quite recently, remembered making hartshorn jelly from the horns of her father's deer in days when prepared isinglass and gelatine were unknown, except by name, in country parts of Ireland. The horns were cleaned, scraped, and boiled down for the purpose.

It will be seen that women, who were expected to overlook these wonderful processes, not to mention the making of pickles, preserves, and home-made wines, led no idle life, as each season brought its round of household duties.

When a girl of good family married, immense droves of cattle formed her dowry, either with or without a sum of money down. An old steward living in 1820 remembered the herds of black Kerry cows that had formed the portion of a Miss O'Connell of Darrynane, seventy years before. This lady was sister to the beautiful Eileen O'Leary; and her mother, *Mor-ni-Dhuv*, or Dark Mary (of the O'Donoghues Dhuv—a younger branch

of the O'Donoghues of the Glens), was a sufficiently remarkable woman. She was at once a notable housekeeper, the mother of twenty-two children (one of them the father of Daniel O'Connell), and a poetess who composed a farewell to sons and nephews going to France. The themes that inspired Irish verse at the period were chiefly sad, and the wretch of parting drew forth many a lament, of which not the least pathetic is the old peasant song:—

'Tis my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not  
earl in Irrul still;  
And that Bryan Dhu no longer rules as lord  
upon the hill;  
And that Colonel Hugh O'Grady is lying  
stark and low,  
And I sailing, swiftly sailing, from the count  
of Mayo.

Though Mor-ni-Dhuv spoke and wrote English habitually, she could order dinner in improvised Irish verse; and a rhymed dispute about a farm, in the form of a dialogue between her and the tenant, still exists. Some of her belongings are still to be seen at Darrynane,—amongst the rest, an immense silver spoon with a long handle (used after one hundred and fifty years of service for skimming preserves), two huge christening-bowls of rarely beautiful china, a dessert-service, blue china baskets with open-work edges for fruit, and plates to match; a collection of queer teapots and old porcelain; and a mirror with a very thick bevelled plate and a deep rococco gilt frame, smuggled from France. Through her good friends the smugglers, the old chieftainess got over every year a piece of cambric, a length of black silk, French shoes, and silk stockings. Her eldest son, John O'Connell, who died early, married a Miss Faley of Faha, near Killarney, and lived his brief life with his bride in the house of his father and mother. For their exclusive use they had her maid, his man, and a "boy," whose duties are not specified—possibly a last-century "buttons." These they clothed; but they seem to have paid them very low wages, since in an account-book belonging to the young husband, and dated 1749, we find the following entry: "One quarter's wages to Bridget Sulivane, 8s. 5d." From the same book it appears that Bridget got cloaks and dresses, but the cost of these items cannot be ascertained, since they are included in the bulk sum of a paid bill. The man, Martin Geran, got linen, serge, cloth, and livery, buttons, also shoes, knee and shoe-buckles, etc. The "boy" was likewise supplied

with serge-cloth, "bandle-cloth,"—that is, homespun flannel, sold by the bandle, or length of the extended arms,—combs, gaiters, shoes, and ink. The curious item occurs, "Thirteen pence to Jasper Lisk, for one year's schooling of my boy." The lad was apprenticed for seven years, and the portion of his indentures that had not expired at the time of his young master's death was left by will to his mistress, who survived her husband. A great variety of gloves, shoes, and boots are debited in John O'Connell's account-book. The long silk stockings worn by gentlemen when in full dress are set down as costing fifteen shillings a pair. Fine linen for shirts came to three shillings and threepence; cambric for the ruffles, imported from France, to eight shillings and sixpence. At the same period, in Kerry, a two-year-old heifer cost only one pound five shillings. Everything of the kind being provided for the young couple, there are naturally but few entries relating to provisions, except on one notable occasion. A son was born in due time to Mr. and Mrs. John O'Connell, and the father appears to have paid the incidental expenses. We find these entries:—

For a christening suit . . . . .	£1 11 8
Cambric, linen and lawn (baby's outfit) . . . . .	3 19 8

On the 12th of January, 1750, occurs the following, which gives a good idea of the fees usual on such occasions in the last century:—

To cash to Mrs. Carr (the nurse?) . . . . .	1 guinea
To Dr. Cronin . . . . .	½ a guinea
To a pint of Cinnamon water for my wife . . . . .	2 shillings

A pint of Hungary water "for my wife" is also entered. Brown sugar, white wine, almonds, barley, nutmegs, oranges, and candied fruit appear as ingredients required for making caudle. On the same occasion the young husband bought twenty-nine pounds of beef at 2½d., the pound, and a side of lamb at 11d., doubtless for the christening feast. The maternal grandparents sent four guineas to buy silver spoons, and the paternal grandparents presented thirteen guineas for the benefit of the infant, while the father of the child sent a present of rum and salt fish to his father-in-law.

Another book from which the writer has been permitted to make extracts belonged to Mrs. Coppinger, of Barry's Court, in Cork. She had been a Miss M'Mahon, of Clare, and brought with her, as maid to

her new home, on her marriage in 1777, her foster-sister, Nellie Buckley. When Nellie married, she was put in possession of a farm with a neat slated house thereon,—quite an aristocratic dwelling amongst the thatched cottages round,—such a reward for faithful service being not uncommon at the time. The tie between the descendants of mistress and maid has not been broken. The son of Mrs. Morgan John O'Connell, and a Mrs. O'Neil, one of his tenants, are respectively the great-grandchildren of Jane M'Mahon and her foster-sister.

Mrs. Coppinger's collection of household receipts is interesting; some are medicinal, others culinary, and, judging by the antiquated spelling, not a few would appear to have been copied from some older book. The handwritings, too, differ, friends and relations having apparently contributed cherished formulas. When reading the ingredients of these supposed remedies, one is irresistibly reminded of that paper in the "The Spectator" which attributes the unusually high death-rate of a certain village to the ministrations of a charitable lady. Who, for instance, could survive this "Cure for Fits," at any rate, if he knew of what it was composed?—"Equal parts of powder of human skulls, red earth-worms, and wall-rue mixed"!

About the same period Mrs. Delany recommended to her sister "two *infallible* receipts for ague." The first consisted in applying a plaster of ground ginger and brandy spread on sheep's leather, which might or might not be efficacious; but what shall we say of the second?—"A spider put into a goose-quill, well sealed and secured, and hung about the child's neck as low as the pit of his stomach"! To return to Mrs. Coppinger. Many of the diseases and their supposed remedies are given in language unsuited to the more refined taste of our day. Besides specifics for rheumatism, jaundice, cancer, warts and corns, we find a diet-drink and several ointments. One of the items is called "Lord Trimbleston's Universal Plaster," purchased abroad by a member of the Butler-Esmonde family, to which Mrs. Coppinger's mother belonged. A note says "it was brought from foreign parts," where the secret of its composition was secured for "a hundred pistoles in gold, and a promise never to sell it, but to give it away for the relief of suffering." The book states that the receipt was at that time (1777) eighty years old. This plaster contained new bees-wax, burgundy



pitch, black pitch, and "the best fresh and greenish Venice turpentine," boiled together, and rolled into sticks like sealing-wax. When required for use, a sufficient quantity was melted and spread upon linen. Lord Trimbleston studied medicine on the Continent, and on his return home practised gratuitously. He is mentioned by Mrs. Delany as living in her day. Amongst the culinary receipts are one for beef-stock, two for curing beef; another, very old, for "oyster pye;" one for oyster soup, and one for making raspberry jam—the two last signed by fair Frances Esmonde, daughter of Sir John Esmonde,\* a relative of Mrs. Coppinger. Most of the puddings, tarts, and cakes mentioned are familiar to us. Instructions for pickling samphire remind one of a scene in "The Gaverocks." There are two receipts for barm, and one each for ginger beer, with real beer—no temperance beverage—currant wine, and raspberry wine.

With regard to wills made by Irish gentlemen in the last century, one finds that the husband always left the wife her own jewels, the family coach, and at least one pair of horses, to be selected by her, if they lived in a level place; if in the mountainous districts, her "riding-horse, pillion, and horse-furniture." Jointures in money were small as a rule, but the widow was allowed to select a considerable number of cows, some young horses, and a flock of sheep, as her own property, a portion of the demesne being allotted to her for pasturage. Sometimes there was a choice between a fixed jointure and holding certain lands for life. Generally the widow had the use for life of a certain amount of plate and furniture, as also of all the property, whether in cattle, money, or land, which she had brought as a dowry to her husband. She and her eldest son were given in most cases almost despotic power over the younger children. Faithful servants were not forgotten, and the gift of land, either rent-free or at a nominal sum, often rendered an aged domestic independent. In conclusion, we may cite in proof of the kindly spirit existing between classes, and of the comfortable sums amassed, despite the low wages customary at the time, the will of Andrew Connell, butler to Maurice O'Connell, uncle to "the Liberator," wherein a farm,

cattle, and numerous feather-beds are disposed of, and his master is appointed sole executor.

C. O'CONOR-ECCLES.

From The Nineteenth Century.

#### THE BEOTHUKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY LADY BLAKE.

THERE are few of our colonies whose name is better known, and about which people are so ignorant, as "the ancient and loyal colony of Newfoundland." In England, if pictured at all, it is usually thought of as a small rocky island, situated somewhere in the direction of the arctic regions, incapable of producing anything but codfish, seals, and misunderstandings with France, but with a certain interest as being the home of the magnificent white and black dogs to whose race Landseer gave world-wide renown in his great picture of "A Member of the Royal Humane Society."

In point of fact, the island is larger than Ireland; the greater portion is covered with thick and almost impenetrable forests of spruce and pine trees, interspersed with birch, larch, and poplar. The forests give way at intervals to open spaces, known locally as "barrens." They are covered with a dense carpet of mosses, which, in places, attains a depth of from one to two feet. There is a great variety of mosses, and some of them are of much beauty. Long trails of stag's-horn moss strike the eye amongst the velvety greens and deep olives, and the delicate grey and intricate tracery of the reindeer lichen give a pleasing contrast of color and form. Besides mosses, the barrens are rich in bilberries or hurts, partridge-berries, swamp-berries, and berries of various other kinds in extraordinary abundance. In summer, flowers are not wanting, and the rose-colored kalmia and azaleas afford a pleasing variety to the pervading sombre tones of green and grey.

Innumerable lakes, or as they are called in Newfoundland "ponds," are thickly dotted over the country, and though there is nothing that can be called a mountain in the island (the highest elevation being only twenty-four hundred feet) there are hills from one of which no less than one hundred and eighty lakes or ponds have been counted.

Large rivers traverse the island in various directions, but none are navigable, for any distance, for craft larger than a canoe, as they are broken by falls and rapids, and

\* Sir John served as a captain of horse in Spain early in the eighteenth century. His portrait is in the possession of his descendant, Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde, M.P., and that of his beautiful daughter belongs to Mrs. O'Connell of Longfield, Mrs. Coppinger having been her late husband's maternal grandmother.

soon become shallow. The two principal rivers are the Humber, running westwards into Bay of Islands, and the Exploits, which falls into Notre-Dame Bay to the north-east.

As to its arctic position, the most northern point, Cape Bauld, is in the same latitude as Bristol — the presence of seals, which visit the coast in vast numbers on the floating ice, being due, not to the close vicinity of polar seas, but to the fact of the great current that sweeps down flocs and icebergs, which in spring keep the coast fast locked for weeks in their chilling embrace.

Lastly, the typical spotted black and white dog is altogether a delusion, and if he were to make his appearance in Newfoundland would be regarded as of very doubtful parentage. The so-called Newfoundland dog cannot properly be regarded as a native of the island, as we are expressly told that the aborigines, unlike most Indians, did not possess any dogs. The breed prized in Newfoundland is coal black, with only a few white hairs on the chest.

The theories as to the discovery of the island are contradictory. John Cabot is popularly believed to have been the first discoverer of Newfoundland. However, the Borgia map in the Vatican library, which the pope permitted to be copied for the Colonial Exhibition of the year before last, seems to settle the point that Labrador, and not Newfoundland, was the land-fall of Cabot. There is no doubt that Newfoundland was known to the Northmen, who settled Greenland in the tenth century, and who about the same time appear to have visited the coast of Labrador. The Icelandic sagas relating to the doings of the Norsemen in Helluland, Markland, Vinland, and Greenland were by many authorities regarded as untrustworthy till the runic inscriptions discovered in Greenland, and brought to Copenhagen in 1831, not only vindicated the authenticity of the sagas, but even determined the sites of the settlements of Eric the Red and his successors.

The claims that have been advanced for Newfoundland as the Vinland of the sagas are more difficult to settle, Rhode Island, Nova Scotia, and Cape Breton all laying claim to the distinction, the two latter being able to advance strong pretensions to being, one or other, the country where Lief, Biorn, and their thirty-five followers remained for a winter, and made themselves happy with the abundance of fine salmon and good fish, and where, later on,

Thorwald, Lief's brother, built a new ship, having damaged the old one, which they laid up on a promontory to which they gave the name of Kioller Ness, and where they fought with the Skroellingers, or dwarfs. Thorwald soon after died of a wound received in the skirmish with the Skroellingers, and, in viking fashion, was buried by his people on the same promontory to which they had previously consigned their stout old ship. Two crosses were now erected on it by Thorwald's desire, and it received the name of Krossa Ness. If by any fortunate chance this ship be ever unearthed, like the celebrated viking's ship in Norway, the point in dispute as to the identity of Vinland will be satisfactorily set at rest. The pretensions of Rhode Island, Massachusetts, to being Vinland, rest chiefly on the fact that that country received the name from the abundance of its wild vines.

A German named Tyrkoer, who was one of Lief's party, having been missed for a time, his companions went in search of him, and ultimately found him in the woods regaling himself with grapes, from which he told them "in his country they used to make wine." Grapes are said to grow wild in Rhode Island, but are not found in the countries which are rival claimants, but the hurts or whortleberries found in such profusion in Newfoundland grow in clusters or bunches, and are almost the size of the diminutive German grapes. It is conceivable that Tyrkoer pointed out to these dwellers in rugged Greenland that they now beheld fruit resembling the grapes of which he had often spoken. Lief tasted the berries, and thereupon called the country "Winland dat Gode," that is, "the good wine country;" but we hear of no attempt being made by the party to manufacture wine there. It seems highly improbable that such men as the vikings should have passed large countries abounding in deer, otter, beaver, and numerous animals valuable for food and fur, and have sailed on till they arrived at a small island which would never have offered so many attractions to men of their stamp as a residence for several years. Wherever Vinland was, the colony increased; but the people, probably influenced by the paganism of the surrounding Skroellingers or Innuits, relapsed into heathenism. In 1121 a certain Eric was appointed Bishop of Greenland, but instead of going straight there, he determined on first visiting Vinland, from whence he never returned. About 1401 the ice increased around Greenland to

such an extent that it is believed to have been the cause of all communication having been cut off between that country and Europe.

If the supposition be correct that Labrador was the country discovered by Cabot, the first voyager of the more modern times with whose name we are acquainted, who visited Newfoundland, is the Portuguese Gaspar de Cortereal. In 1500 he sailed into and named Conception Bay, and found that fishermen from Brittany and the Basque provinces were already availing themselves of the teeming fisheries around the coast.

Of succeeding expeditions to Newfoundland there is no necessity to now take notice in detail, as the present object is to trace, as far as possible, the history of the aborigines of the country. If we except the three natives brought by Cabot to the court of Henry the Seventh, and who, from the fact that it is stated that when taken "they did eat raw flesh," would appear to have been Skroellingers or Eskimo, the first description we have of the Indians of Newfoundland is from Jacques Cartier, who, in 1534, states that the natives were "of indifferent good stature and bigness, but wild and unruly. They wear their hair tied on the top like a wreath of hay, and put a wooden pin in it, or any other such thing instead of a nail, and with then: they bind certain birds' feathers. They are clothed with beasts' skins, as well the men as the women; but the women go somewhat straighter and closer than the men do, with their waists girded."

In 1578 a disastrous expedition to Newfoundland was undertaken by Master Hore and a party of one hundred and twenty persons, "whereof were thirty gentlemen." They sailed in two ships, and after two months "fell in with Cape Breton," from whence they steered north-east and reached Newfoundland. The details we have of this expedition are from Master Richard Hakluyt of Oxford, who, as he tells us, rode two hundred miles to ascertain the circumstances connected with the voyage, from the only man then alive who had participated in it. This man was Master Oliver Dawbeney, who informed Hakluyt that after they had been at anchor some days, he (Dawbeney) "saw a boat with savages, rowing towards them, to gaze upon the ship and our people. They manned their ship's boat in order to have taken them, but they fled to an island in the bay and escaped our men. They found a fire and a side of a bear on

a wooden spit, also a boot, garnished on the calf as it were with raw silk, also a great warm mitten."

Master Hore's people were driven to sore straits for want of food. At one time they obtained a scanty supply from the "nest of an osprey or eagle that hourly brought to her young great plenty of divers sorts of fishes," which, however, must have been short commons for a company of one hundred and twenty, amongst whom were several merchants of London, who, doubtless, were no less addicted in those days to good living than at the present time. Famine stared the miserable travellers in the face, so that they were fain to hunt on the mainland for herbs and roots, which not being sufficient to satisfy the pangs of hunger, one man was driven to the horrible expedient of killing one of his companions as he stooped to take up a root, afterwards cutting pieces from the body to broil and eat. The murdered man was missed, but for some time his fate was not suspected. When the crime was discovered the captain made a "notable oration, containing how much these dealings offended the Almighty. He exhorted them to repentance and besought all the company to pray that it might please God to look on their present miserable state; and such was the mercy of God that the same night there arrived a French ship in that port, well furnished with vittale; and such was the policy of the English that they became masters of the same, and changing ships and vitaling them they set sail for England; they saw many islands of ice, and arrived at St. Ives in Cornwall the latter end of October." How the French crew supported themselves after Master Hore and his company had annexed their ship and provisions, we are not told. Probably there were fishermen among them who would fare sumptuously where cockneys and landsmen starved in the midst of plenty. Support themselves they did, for in a few months' time the Frenchmen arrived in England and made a complaint to Henry the Eighth, who "hearing the great distress his subjects were in, and the necessity there was to do as they did, paid the Frenchmen full recompense of his own purse."

The next notice, with any details, that we find of the natives of Newfoundland is in the time of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who, on the 5th of August, 1583, landed in the harbor of St. John's, where lay several fishing vessels of other nations, and took possession of Newfoundland in the name of Queen Elizabeth. The royal arms cut

in lead were affixed to a wooden pillar near the water's edge, and the flag of England was hoisted and unfurled, Sir Humphrey afterwards explaining to all foreigners not conversant with the English language the meaning of the proclamation. Two eye-witnesses of this ceremony, Captain Hayes of the *Golden Hind* and Captain Richard Whitbourne of Exmouth, have left descriptions of the aborigines as they found them. The latter had during a period of forty years made numerous voyages to Newfoundland, and from his "chamber at the sign of the gilded cocke in Paternoster Row in London" in 1622 wrote a discourse to prove how "worthy and beneficial a plantation may there be made."

He says : —

The natural inhabitants of the country, as they are but few in number, so are they something rude and savage people, having neither knowledge of God nor living under any kind of civil government. In their habits, customs, and manners they resemble the Indians of the continent, from whence (I suppose) they come. They live altogether in the north and west part of the country, which is seldom frequented by the English. But the French and Biscanians (who resort thither yearly for the whale-fishing, and also for the cod-fish) report them to be an ingenious and tractable people (being well used) : they are ready to assist them with great labor and patience in the killing, cutting, and boiling of whales, and making of train oil, without expectation of other reward than a little bread or some such small hire.

Further on the same writer says : —

It (Trinity Harbor) is near such a great bay lying on the north side of it, to which place no ships repair to fish, partly in regard of sundry rocks and ledges lying even with the water and full of danger, but chiefly (as I conjecture) because the savage people of that country do there inhabit; many of them secretly every year come into Trinity Bay and harbor in the night-time purposely to steal sails, lines, hatchets, hooks, knives, and such-like . . . which people, if they might be reduced to the knowledge of the true Trinity indeed, no doubt but it would be a most sweet and acceptable sacrifice to God, an everlasting honor to your Majesty, and the heavenliest blessing to those poor creatures, who are buried in their own superstitious ignorance. The task thereof would prove easy, if it were but well begun and constantly seconded by industrious spirits, and no doubt but God Himself would set his hand to rear up and advance so noble, so pious, and so Christian a building. . . . If, therefore, near the harbor of Trinity it were inhabited by some of your Majesty's subjects, I see no reason to the contrary but that a speedy and more certain knowledge might be had of the country, by

reason those savage people are so near, who, being politely and gently handled, much good might be wrought upon them, for I have had apparent proofs of their ingenuous and subtle dispositions, and that they are a people full of quick and lively apprehension.

I have quoted at length from Whitbourne as his testimony is valuable as showing the apparently tractable and docile disposition of the native Indians previous to intercourse with the British. Later on we shall see how the "pious work" of redeeming them from barbarism was effected.

Captain Hayes bears similar evidence as to the natives; he says, "The savages are altogether harmless."

John Guy, afterward mayor of Bristol in 1610, established a plantation or colony at Cupid's Cove in Conception Bay. One of the patentees of Guy's grant was the famous Sir Francis Bacon. Guy met with the natives, whom he found friendly and with whom he established a trade in furs. For two years he persevered in the attempt to colonize, when scurvy — the scourge of many of the early attempts at colonizing — broke out, and several of his company died, which induced Guy to abandon his purpose and return to England, only a few individuals, who thought they might make some profit by continuing there, remaining in the country.

Well would it have been for the unhappy natives if men like John Guy and Whitbourne had established permanent hold on the country, but before long the short-sighted policy that too often rules in England induced the British government to discourage and even to forbid colonization in Newfoundland. Prompted by a handful of interested merchants, England endeavored to keep the island as a mere fishing station, which she believed would prove a nursery for her navy. In spite, however, of stringent rules to that effect, it proved impossible altogether to prevent settlers from establishing themselves on so large an island, but instead of the advent of respectable and energetic colonists, it became "a sanctuary for men that broke in England." Deserters from the navy, refugees from Ireland, reckless and unruly characters of all kinds who dared not return to their own country, sought an asylum in Newfoundland. There was no government; every man could do what seemed good in his own eyes, provided it did not interfere with the fishery regulations laid down by the "fishing admiral," as the master of the first fishing vessel from England, Wales, or Berwick that

entered a harbor on the opening of the fishing season was termed. The English statute-book was then disgraced by the sanguinary code which decreed that a man's life paid the penalty of the theft of a sheep, or the stealing of a cow; and no doubt to rough and ignorant men, as were for the most part these skippers of fishing vessels, it appeared simple justice, while invested with the brief authority of a fishing season, to punish petty larceny on the part of the natives with death. We know that the Red Indians, hitherto only acquainted with implements of stone or bone, did not resist the temptation of occasionally purloining such inestimable treasures as a steel knife, or iron hatchet and fishhooks. Probably if any trifling article were missed, the first Indian seen was shot in revenge. After a time it became the habit on the part of the fishermen to shoot an Indian whenever they got a chance. Cupidity added to the zest for shooting Indians, as they often wore rich furs, and the French and English furriers deliberately shot the natives to obtain possession of their deer and fox-skin robes. Not many years ago persons were still living on the north-western coast who had been in the habit of boasting of the number of "head" of Indians they had killed, the record of such murders being scored on their gun-stocks.

The Newfoundland Indians were distinguished as Red Indians from their habit of daubing their garments, canoes, weapons, and all their possessions with red ochre mixed with grease. Whether this custom had any religious significance, as with the Maoris of New Zealand, who regard red as a sacred color; whether it was merely a traditional custom, or whether it arose from the habit of using a coating of ochre and grease on their skins to protect them from the attacks of mosquitos and black flies which swarm in countless myriads in woods and wilds during the summer, it is impossible to say.

"Beothuk" is believed to be the name by which these Indians distinguished their nation; it is said to be the generic expression for Indian, equivalent to our "men." So the Apaches, Dakotahs (Sioux) and many other Indian tribes, are all names signifying "the people." The Eskimo call themselves Innuits, which has a similar meaning, Eskimo being derived from "Ashkimai," *i.e.*, "eaters of raw flesh," a term applied to them in contempt by the Cree and Sautaux Indians.

It seems probable that the Beothuks were never a numerous race; but, apart

from the sadness of their fate, they were a peculiarly interesting race; their origin is wrapped in mystery, and the scanty vocabulary of their language which alone has been rescued from oblivion is said to show little or no affinity to the great Algonquin tongue, dialects of which were spoken over the greater portion of the north-west of America. The distinguished American ethnologist, Mr. A. Gatschet, has made a careful study of the remnants of the Beothuk language, and has come to the conclusion that it belongs to a "separate linguistic family, clearly distinct from Innuvit, Tinné, Iroquois, and Algonkin." The study of the manners, customs, and language of isolated tribes, on an island like Newfoundland, is of great interest and importance to the ethnologist, when it is found that such a people differ substantially in these respects from the nations on the neighboring continent, it being a received axiom that, in general, islands derive their aboriginal population from the nearest mainland.

Whence, then, came the Beothuks to Newfoundland?

Some authors have asserted that they are descended from the Northmen about whom we have already spoken. If Newfoundland be really identical with Vinland, it would not be impossible that some of the company of Thorfin and Gudrid his wife, numbering about seventy men and women, who settled in Vinland, and established a trade with the Skroellingers after the death of Thorwald, may have intermarried with Skroellingers and Indians, and that some of the old viking blood ran in the veins of the Beothuk tribe.

Sir William Dawson, F.R.S., informs us, in his interesting work on "Fossil Men," that the Mic-macs of Nova Scotia have traditions of a primitive people whom their ancestors had driven from Nova Scotia into Cape Breton, and pursued into Newfoundland across the comparatively narrow sea separating the two islands. In 1768 Mr. John Cartwright made an expedition into the interior of Newfoundland. He had been told by a Red Indian boy, named June, that a people called by the boy Canadians possessed the western shores of the great lake, over sixty miles long, which is now known as Red Indian Lake. On the eastern shores of this lake a great part of the Beothuk tribe had their headquarters. June also said that his people held no intercourse with the Canadians, and that they saw no signs of each other during whole winters. Cartwright did not explore the western



shores of the lake, so that we know nothing as to the tribe to which these Canadians belonged. So entirely ignorant were the white inhabitants of the coasts of the interior of the island, that possibly the Mic-macs had effected a permanent settlement in the country long before their presence was suspected.

It seems singular that so little was then known of an island that had nominally been a British possession for a couple of centuries. However, after the lapse of more than another hundred years the coasts alone have been thoroughly explored. One or two enterprising travellers have indeed visited the great lakes and rivers, but except to them and a few hunters and trappers, the interior remains as much as ever *terra incognita*. No Beothuk has been seen alive since 1828, but it is just possible that a few individuals of the persecuted tribe may still drag on a life of concealment and misery in the great trackless forests, or hiding like wild beasts amid the unknown rocks and barrens of the northern portion of the island, of which, till the coming of the white men, they had been the free and happy owners. The more probable supposition, however, is, that if any remnant of the race escaped the barbarity of trappers and fishermen, it retreated across the straits of Belle Isle to seek a refuge in the vast interior of Labrador.

Sir Richard Bonnycastle mentions being, in 1831, in the Bay of the Seven Islands in Labrador, when the inhabitants were greatly alarmed by "the sudden appearance amongst them of a fierce-looking people of whom they had neither knowledge nor tradition," and who were different from the Montagnais with whom they sometimes traded. Professor Jukes, when residing in Newfoundland, was told of a body of "strange men in red-deer skins having been seen on the Labrador coast." James Howley, Esq., F.G.S., geological surveyor to the Newfoundland government, whose unwearied researches have brought to light and preserved many valuable Beothuk remains that otherwise would have perished, and whose authority on all matters relating to theories and facts concerning the island and its aborigines is of great value, is of opinion, that if any representatives of the people remain, they must have migrated to the coast opposite the Belle Isle Straits.

The Beothuks, it is said, were on friendly terms with a tribe of Indians from Labrador, whom they named "Shaunamuncs." These people were not Eski-

mo, whom the Beothuks, like most other Indians, hated, and despised on account of their filthy habits.

The Shaunamuncs, like the Beothuks, dressed in deerskins, but did not redden them with ochre. Most probably they were Nasquapee or Montagnais Indians, both of which tribes still inhabit Labrador. With this friendly tribe some kind of trade was carried on, and they are said to have mutually visited each other's countries in former days. The stone hatchets and celts used by the Beothuks are supposed to have been supplied by the Shaunamuncs. The art of making stone implements was very generally known and practised amongst Indian tribes, though some were much more skilful than others in the manufacture. To shape and polish a celt or arrow out of stone, to people unacquainted with metals, was a tedious and lengthy process; to perfect a fine hatchet or tomahawk was sometimes the work of a lifetime. The art was not universal, some tribes being especially famous for the skill of their arrow and hatchet makers. The productions of these skilled artificers were eagerly sought by warriors and hunters of other nations, and traders of stone weapons seem to have been privileged persons, often permitted to journey from tribe to tribe unmolested. This fact accounts for green-stone and flint celts, etc., being found in far distant countries, where no such stone as that of which they are made is to be found. Such was not the case with the Beothuks; they had plenty of material, but their skill may not have been so great as that of the Shaunamuncs. That they manufactured steatite or soapstone utensils for themselves is certain, as the quarry may still be seen whence they obtained it, some of the half-cut vessels being *in statu quo*. The soapstone pots, however, were a rough manufacture and the material soft and easily worked.

After Europeans began to settle in Newfoundland the intercourse between the Shaunamuncs and the Red Indians must have become more and more difficult to maintain, and as the latter were now able to purloin the metal axes and knives of the invaders, it would be of less importance to them to maintain a trade for stone ones. As their white enemies gained a greater extent of the coast, the Beothuks were hemmed more and more into the interior, till at length their position became one of complete isolation.

We are wont to shudder over the barbarities inflicted on the Indians by their

Spanish conquerors, and to deplore the cruelty with which the native races are still too frequently treated by our American cousins; but no Spanish freebooter or Yankee could show more utter disregard for the life of an Indian than did Britishers in Newfoundland.

Cartwright says:—

The Red Indians have no intercourse with Europeans, except an hostile one, which there is great reason to think is founded on their part upon a just, and to an uncivilized people, a noble resentment of wrongs. On the part of the English fishers, it is an inhumanity that sinks them far below the level of savages. The wantonness of their cruelties toward these poor wretches has frequently been almost incredible.

In illustration of his assertion he relates the following incident.

One day a small family of Beothuks was surprised in their wigwam by a party of fishermen. On the appearance of their foes, the Indians fled in consternation, all except one woman on the eve of becoming a mother, who, being unable to follow her companions, gave herself up as a prisoner, endeavoring by signs to implore mercy from her captors. Her gesticulations and entreaties were in vain; one of the wretches with a well-directed blow ripped open the body of the unhappy woman, and in a few minutes she expired in agony at their feet. Not content with murder, the monsters proceeded to mutilate the body in a barbarous manner, and on their return boasted of what they had done, exhibiting in triumph the hands of their victim, which they had cut off and retained as a trophy.

Such shocking barbarities were not confined to the last century, as the following anecdote, related to me by a gentleman who heard it from one of the party present, will show. Some fifty years ago a small party set out from one of the settlements to "look for Indians," as it was termed. Before long some tracks were discovered, and on rounding a point of rock three or four Indians came in view, all of whom they forthwith shot, save one who was taken alive and brought up to the leader of the band. The Indian made gestures beseeching for mercy, then tore open the breast of her robe to show them she was a woman, whereupon the leader (whose name it is unnecessary to give) fired and shot her dead.

There is no object in quoting further stories all of the same terrible nature; these two will sufficiently prove the sort of treatment the Beothuks experienced

from the settlers. It cannot be wondered at if, when opportunity offered, they avenged their wrongs, though, as they possessed no weapons except arrows and spears, the odds were all against them.

When at length a government was established, which was not till 1728, when the first governor was appointed by the crown, it must not be supposed that such proceedings were approved; probably the government was altogether ignorant of what was going on, for when Mr. Cartwright, in 1768, brought the cruel treatment of the Red Indians under the notice of governor Sir Hugh Palliser, he issued a proclamation to the effect that, it having come to the knowledge of the king that his subjects in Newfoundland

do treat the said savages with the greatest inhumanity, and frequently destroy them without the least provocation or remorse: in order, therefore, to put a stop to such inhuman barbarity, and that the perpetrators of such atrocious crimes may be brought to due punishment, it is his Majesty's royal will and pleasure that I do express his abhorrence of such inhuman barbarity, and I do strictly enjoin and require all his Majesty's subjects to live in amity and brotherly kindness with the native savages in the said island of Newfoundland. I do also require and command all officers and magistrates to use their utmost diligence to discover and apprehend all persons who may be guilty of murdering any of the said native Indians, in order that such offenders may be sent over to England to be tried for such capital crimes as by the statute of 10 and 11 William III. for encouraging the trade to Newfoundland is directed.

After Sir Hugh Palliser's time a similar proclamation was issued by succeeding governors for many years, but to no effect. There were no means of enforcing in the interior, or at any considerable distance along the coasts, the provisions of a proclamation issued at St. John's. So persecution and slaughter of the Red Indians continued, till at the present day the race is generally regarded as extinct.

According to Whitbourne the French were at first on friendly terms with the Beothuks, who assisted them in fishing, and preparing oil. What led to a rupture of friendly relations is not very clear, but about the middle of the last century the French offered a reward for the heads of Red Indians.

After the English had made themselves masters of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, the governor of Newfoundland was alarmed at receiving information that parties of Mic-mac Indians were coming over from Cape Breton and establishing

themselves in Newfoundland. All through the war these Indians had been efficient and faithful allies of the French, and it was supposed that the latter were now using them to further designs upon Newfoundland. Accordingly the governor issued orders to the Mic-macs to withdraw from the island, which seems to have met with little attention, for the Mic-macs instead of retiring effected a permanent settlement in the colony, maintained their friendly relations with the French, and before long availed themselves of every opportunity of obtaining the offered reward for the heads of Beothuks.

At first the Mic-macs and the native Indians are said to have been on friendly terms; if so, we may conclude that the tribes entered into some alliance together, as no less an authority than Schoolcraft says that "an Indian nation regards itself as at war with all others not in actual alliance." Unhappily some of the Mic-macs, tempted by the hope of reward from the French, privately shot two of the Red Indians, and were descending a river near St. George's Bay with the heads hidden in their canoe, when they chanced to fall in with a party of Beothuks. The latter, with the usual hospitality of Indians, ignorant of the treachery of which the Mic-macs had been guilty, invited them ashore to a feast. The Mic-macs accepted the invitation. Whilst preparations were in progress for the entertainment, some of the children of the tribe examined the canoe of the visitors, discovered the concealed heads, and confided the secret to their people. No notice was taken of the discovery till each Mic-mac had taken his place at the feast, seated between two of the Beothuks, who at a given signal turned on their guests and slew them. After this the two tribes fought whenever opportunity offered; the Mic-macs, being supplied by the French with firearms, of course had the advantage.

Cook, the celebrated navigator, who was for some time engaged on a survey of the Newfoundland coasts, where several of his surveying marks are still to be seen, penetrated for some distance into the interior, where, it is said, he discovered some of the large lakes, but John Cartwright is the first European with whom we are acquainted who succeeded in reaching Red Indian Lake by way of the Exploits River. His account of his journey, though most interesting, has, I believe, never been published in full, but it has been the source from which much of the information we have of the Beothuk manners and

customs has been derived. Through the courtesy of the owner of the MS. I am enabled to quote from it. Mr. Cartwright undertook "to explore the unknown interior parts of Newfoundland, to examine into the practicability of travelling from shore to shore, across the body of that island, and to acquire a more certain knowledge of the settlements of the Red Indians, as well as to surprise if possible one or more of those savages, for the purpose of effecting in time a friendly intercourse with them"—a tribe, as he observes, with whom, though the original native inhabitants of a country so long in our possession, we held no intercourse whatever, "except indeed the unfriendly one of reciprocal injuries and murders." Cartwright believed he was the discoverer of the great lake now known as Red Indian Lake, but called by him Lieutenant's Lake. He and his brother (who was the author of a work on Labrador), with a party of thirteen others, started on the 24th of August, 1768, from Indian Point in Notre-Dame Bay and pulled a short distance up the river Exploits to a place named Start Rattle. Here they left the boats and began their search along the banks of the river. The party was divided into two, each company taking opposite banks of the river. They had to carry all their provisions on their backs, as well as fowling-pieces, pistols, and "heavy rifled guns," which were always loaded, as they feared an attack from lurking enemies in the unknown region. Before long they came upon wigwams recently erected and "other apparatus," which, indeed, were so numerous that the party were in high spirits, as they expected soon to "find parties of the savages." Their attention was particularly struck by the great scale of the preparations made by the Beothuks for taking deer. Vast herds of cariboo deer range throughout the interior of Newfoundland. On the approach of winter they migrate southwards, crossing the river Exploits in thousands; and in order to capture the deer on these migrations the Indians made fences so high and strong that the deer could neither jump over, nor force a way through them, but were obliged to avail themselves of purposely left openings, at which the hunters stationed themselves and slaughtered abundance of deer with comparative ease. These fences were made by partially cutting through the trunk of a tree and causing it to fall in the desired direction, parallel with the river, each tree being guided so as to fall on the one next to it. The fences were

from six to ten feet high; the weak parts were filled up and strengthened with branches. In places where the trees grew too stunted, or were too scattered to be available for fences, the Indians placed "sewels." These were thin sticks about six feet long, which were stuck into the ground, tassels of birch bark being fastened to the end so as to wave to and fro with the least breath of air. The sewels were pricked into the ground at a distance of ten or a dozen yards apart, and were effectual in frightening and turning back the deer.

Deer-fences skirted the banks of the river for thirty or forty miles. At certain places there were small half-moon breast-works erected, behind which the hunters crowded and shot the passing deer with arrows, though sometimes they killed their game with spears, and would follow in their canoes when deer took to the water.

Fences on a similar plan were used by Indians on some of the Canadian rivers, though nowhere do they seem to have been undertaken on so great a scale as in Newfoundland.

At that time the number of the Beothuks was estimated at from two to three hundred souls, but from the numerous wigwams he saw on his journey, Cartwright was inclined to believe the tribe must amount to at least five hundred individuals. As it is probable they had residences in other localities, the computation does not appear excessive.

Although numerous dwellings and traces of Red Indians were found, none of the natives were met with on this journey. The adroitness of the Beothuks in hiding themselves, learnt no doubt from sad necessity, was extreme. Any of the people still occupying the country through which Cartwright passed could probably easily have concealed themselves, but as it was summer, the greater number would then have left the lake and their wigwams by the river. It was the habit of the Beothuks to go inland during the winter and to return to the coasts and adjacent islands during the summer months. It was when resorting to the seashore that they were so cruelly exposed to the attacks of the fishermen, but the reason for their running the risk was obvious.

During autumn they were able to supply themselves abundantly with venison, which was kept in large storehouses forty or fifty feet long, for use during winter, the frost preserving the meat. In January, 1810, a party who, at the instance of Governor Holloway, set out up the Exploits

River, then frozen over, in quest of Red Indians, came upon one of these storehouses, in which they found about a hundred carcasses of venison. The Beothuk cuisine must have been a good one, for in these storehouses they also preserved dried salmon, dried eggs, dried lobster-tails, seal-oil, and deer's paunches filled with fat. A kind of sausage made of seal's fat, livers, and eggs was one of the dainties.

The wigwams were conical in shape, formed of long poles covered with deer-skins or sheets of birch-rind laid sheet upon sheet in the manner of tiles. In these wigwams they made oblong hollows in the earth, and lined them with young branches of fir and pine, for sleeping-places. This kind of sleeping-place has been considered peculiar to the Indians of Newfoundland. However, among a far-distant tribe at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, the Atnahs, whose lands are contiguous to Thompson's River, the women are accustomed to prove their industry by digging holes in the ground which they inlay with grass or branches. Such nest-like hollows can only be used as places of repose, and seem to bear a strong resemblance to the sleeping-places of the Beothuks. Beds of spruce branches are commonly used amongst various tribes of North American Indians. They are made by sticking a number of springy branches close together, in a standing position in the ground, and in this fashion form an elastic and comfortable substitute for a mattress. In Cape Breton a dying Indian is always laid on a bed of spruce branches, as it is held an Indian can die on no other couch.

The Beothuk canoe is said to be different in shape from that of all other Indians. It was about seventeen feet long and seven wide, and made of birch-bark, and was shaped something like an elongated crescent coming to a point at the centre of each side of the vessel. A slight rod served as a keel, and the seams were sewn with fine spruce-root, and caulked with a preparation of turpentine, oil, and ochre. A thwart was introduced in the centre and at each end of the canoe, to keep the sides apart, and the inside of the frail structure was lined throughout with thin, flat sticks. These canoes were ballasted with stones, over which was laid a covering of sods and moss, on which the Indians knelt while paddling. In fine weather they occasionally fixed a very slight mast to the middle thwart, and sailed these rickety craft, in which they

must have ventured considerable distances, as Beothuk remains have been found on Funk Island, which is thirty miles from the main island. Funk Island was formerly covered with multitudes of the now extinct great auk, whose presence doubtless induced the Beothuks to visit an island on which landing is impossible unless the weather be exceptionally calm.

Until recent times the walrus frequented Newfoundland seas, and the Beothuks must have been in the habit of securing these huge visitors from arctic regions, as some of the Red Indian ornaments and counters for games are carved out of walrus-tusk. These ornaments are peculiar. Cartwright supposed some which he found to have been worn as amulets or charms, from the fact of a slender thong being attached to some of them. The recent discovery of a grave containing the body of a child enveloped in a deer-skin robe, has shown that the supposed amulets were worn as ornaments attached to a fringe into which the edges of the deer-skin were sliced. Some are triangular in shape, but many of the ornaments resembled two or three pronged forks with a wide handle. They vary from an inch to five inches or so in length, and are made of deer-bone. Usually on both faces are scratched or engraved notches and lines, forming designs, some of which are intricate and show considerable ingenuity and fertility of invention.

The common Indian vapor bath was in frequent use amongst the Beothuks. It was made by heating stones red hot, which were then introduced under a small birch-bark hut somewhat resembling a large beehive, the patient or bather—as the case might be—pouring water on the stones, by which a dense steam was produced.

As to the religion of the Red Indians, we are almost entirely in the dark. Whitbourne declares that they believed the Great Spirit stuck an arrow into the ground, and from thence they issued. This seems but another version of the tradition very general amongst Indian nations, many of which assign their origin to the earth or rocks. The Choctaws believed that they "suddenly emerged from the earth, a numerous and mighty people." The Oneidas point to a large boulder of flesh-colored granite, from which they think they sprang, and the Hurons are said to have believed that they issued from a hole in the mountain-side. Cartwright says that he had not been able to "obtain the least insight into the religion

of the Red Indians," and thought it remarkable that in a journey of about seventy miles through the heart of their winter resort, he had not met with a single object that appeared to be devoted to any religious or superstitious purpose, unless it were the carved bones of which we have spoken. It has been stated by some persons that if the natives had any worship it was that of the sun and moon, but on this point the evidence is meagre and unsatisfactory. It is singular that, although vocabularies have been taken of their language, supplied by natives captured from time to time, and a Beothuk society was established, one of the objects of which was to preserve any knowledge that could be obtained of the fast-expiring race, no information seems ever to have been acquired on such an important point. However the recent discovery, in Notre-Dame Bay, on a small island, of the child's grave already alluded to, throws some light on the hopes and beliefs of the Red Indians regarding a future state. The body lay on the left side as if asleep, the legs drawn up, and the arms lying along the sides, as if the child slept. The body was in wonderful preservation, even the skin and nails remaining. We know some tribes lament more over the loss of a child than at the death of a grown person, on the ground of the helplessness of its soul in the strange spirit-land. The "happy hunting-grounds" to which nearly all Indian people looked forward after death, lay to the westward, far beyond the setting sun. The Beothuk parents believed that their child's journey to that distant country would be a toilsome and tedious one, so with the little corpse they had buried all things needful by the way; packets of dried meat and fish, drinking-cups of birch-bark, tiny canoes lest there should be rivers or lakes over which the soul must cross, and bows and arrows to bring down game when the supply of food which was provided should be exhausted. Several pairs of moccasins were ready, so that the youthful feet might not be bruised on the long, long journey. Beside the body was a curious little wooden figure, which one would suppose was a doll, but for the fact that Cormack found three small wooden images of a similar kind when he visited the burial-place of Mary March at Red Indian Lake. This would seem to point to the conclusion that these images or dolls interred with the dead had some religious or mystical signification. The idea that the welfare of the soul, and its reception in the unseen world, were influ-



enced by the value and variety of the offerings interred with the body may have been held by the Beothuks, for in this instance the boy had been buried in his finest clothes, the deer-skin robe being fringed, and many carved ornaments decorated the border.

Few Indian nations were free from a belief in the malignant powers of evil spirits, and a dread of their vindictiveness, which was so vivid as, in some cases, to embitter existence, and to drive whole tribes to actions of "folly and cruelty." A black man or devil, called "Aich-mud-yim," was declared to have been seen at the great lake, and described as having a long beard and being dressed in beaver-skins.

The chief obstacle in deciding to what branch of the great Indian family the Beothuks belonged, is the difficulty of tracing their language to a common root. The vocabularies extant are principally derived from one taken in 1820 by the Rev. J. Leigh from a Red Indian woman called Demasduit, by the whites named Mary March; and another obtained by Mr. Cormack, who traversed the country in 1828. Cormack seems to have taken a lively interest in everything concerning the native Indians, and had good opportunity for studying them, as while he resided in Newfoundland, an Indian girl called Shannandithit was captured and lived for some time in St. John's, a year of which she spent in Cormack's house. She learned a little English, but when we remember how difficult it is for educated persons to translate into a foreign tongue, we must allow for grave errors in a vocabulary acquired from an Indian whose language probably had no term to convey the word she was called upon to translate.

When Elliot was engaged on his Massachusetts Indian Bible, in working at the song of Deborah, he found a difficulty in rendering the passage, "The mother of Sisera cried through the lattice." At length he called an Indian and described to him, as well as he could, a lattice window; but on further inquiry the missionary found that his translation, according to the assistance he had received from the Indian, would literally mean, "The mother of Sisera looked through an eel-pot." The Indian, having no idea of any lattice-work except for eel-pots, supplied the only term with which he was acquainted.

No Red Indian appears to have been seen in St. John's till the time of Governor Gambier, when, in 1803, a woman was captured as she was paddling in a canoe to

one of the small islands to take birds' eggs. Her captor, in hopes of obtaining a reward, took her to the capital city. The following account is given by the Rev. Mr. Anspach:—

She appeared to be about fifty years of age, very docile, and evidently different from all the tribes of Indians or savages of which we have any knowledge. She was of a copper color, with black eyes and hair like the hair of a European. She showed a passionate fondness for children. Being introduced into a large assembly by Governor Gambier, never were astonishment and pleasure more strongly depicted in a human countenance than hers exhibited. After having walked through the room between the governor and the general, whose gold ornaments and feathers seemed to attract her attention in a particular manner, she squatted on the floor, holding fast a bundle, in which were her fur clothes, which she would not suffer to be taken away from her. She was then placed in a situation from which she had a full view of the whole room, and on the instant lost her usual serious or melancholy deportment. She looked at the musicians as if she wished to be near them. A gentleman took her to the band, pointing to them at the same time; she perfectly understood his meaning, went through the crowd, sat with them for a short time, and then expressed, in her way, a wish for retiring. She was everywhere treated with the greatest kindness, and appeared to be sensible of it. Being allowed to take in the shops whatever took her fancy, she showed a decided preference for bright colors, accepted what was given, but she would not for a moment leave hold of her bundle, keenly resenting any attempt to take it from her.

The authorities decided to send the woman back to her people, provided with presents which it was hoped might conciliate them. The presents consisted of nails, fishing-lines, handsaws, blankets, clasp-knives, and such articles. It is melancholy to know that the man who captured and brought the woman to St. John's—who for his trouble in the matter had already received fifty pounds—is supposed to have murdered his captive on the return journey to the interior, the crime being inspired by the desire of possessing himself of the trifling articles given by the governor to the unfortunate woman. About 1809 Governor Holloway, who was anxious to open friendly relations with the Red Indians, after consultation with Lord Castlereagh, the colonial minister, who approved of the expedient, had a painting executed in England which represented Indians bringing furs, etc., to traffic with the English, who were offering blankets, hatchets, and trinkets in exchange. It

was intended that this picture should be left, together with a few presents, in some suitable spot, where the natives would be sure to find it, and it was hoped that the contemplation of such a work of art would convince the aborigines of the pacific intentions of the English government. Lieutenant Spratt of the Royal Navy was entrusted with the charge of the expedition and of the painting, but was unsuccessful in opening communications with the Indians, and returned with the picture to St. John's.

Demasduit, or Mary March, was taken by some men from Twillingate in 1819. These men surprised a party of Indians on the ice, and succeeded in capturing one of them, the rest taking to flight. The captive was Demasduit; her husband, a tall, fine-looking Indian, seeing his wife a prisoner, turned back to come to her rescue, and was forthwith shot dead, and the men returned homewards with their prisoner. The poor woman, it afterwards appeared, left behind her an infant, which died a couple of days after the capture of its mother, who only survived her husband and child one year.

The last Beothuks seen alive were taken prisoners in 1823. The account of their capture and arrival in St. John's, I extract from the journal of the Rev. W. Wilson, a Wesleyan missionary.

June 23, 1823. — Last week there were brought to this town three Red Indians, so-called, who are the aboriginal inhabitants of this island. They are all females, and their capture was accomplished in the following manner.

In the month of March last, a party of men from the neighborhood of Twillingate were in the country hunting for fur. The party went, two and two, in different directions. After a while one of these small parties saw, on a distant hill, a man coming towards them. Supposing him, while at a distance, to be one of their own party, they fired a powder gun to let their friends know their whereabouts. The Red Indian generally runs at the report of a musket; not so in the present instance. This man quickened his pace towards them. They now, from his gait and dress, discovered that he was an Indian, but thought he was a Micmac, and therefore felt no anxiety. Soon they found their mistake, and ascertained that the stranger was one of the Red Indians. He was approaching in a threatening attitude, with a large club in his hand. They now put themselves in a posture of defence, and beckoned the Indian to surrender. This was of no use; he came on with double fury, and when nearly at the muzzle of their guns, one of the men fired, and the Indian fell dead at his feet. As they had killed a man without

any design or intention, they felt deeply concerned, and resolved at once to leave the hunting-ground and return home. In passing through a droke of woods, they came up with a wigwam, which they entered, and took three Indian females, which have since been found to be a mother and her two daughters. These women they brought to their own house, where they kept them until they could carry them to St. John's, and receive the government reward for bringing a Red captive Indian. The parties were brought to trial for shooting a man, but as there was no evidence against them they were acquitted.

The women were first taken to Government House and, by order of his Excellency the Governor, a comfortable room in the courthouse was assigned to them as a place of residence, where they were treated with every possible kindness. The mother is far advanced in life, but seems in good health. Beds were provided for them, but they did not understand their use, and slept on their deer-skins in the corner of the room. One of the daughters was ill, yet she would take no medicine. The doctor recommended phlebotomy, and a gentleman allowed a vein to be opened in his arm, to show her that there was no intention to kill her; but this was to no purpose, for when she saw the lancet brought near her own arm, both she and her companions got into a state of fury, so that the doctor had to desist. Her sister was in good health. She seemed about twenty-two years of age. If she had ever used red ochre about her person, there was then no sign of it in her face. Her complexion was swarthy, not unlike the Micmacs; her features were handsome; she had a tall, fine figure, and stood nearly six feet high; and such a beautiful set of teeth I do not know that I ever saw in a human head. In her manner she was bland, affable, and affectionate. I showed her my watch; she put it to her ear, and was amused with its tick. A gentleman put a looking-glass before her, and her grimaces were most extraordinary; but when a black-lead pencil was put into her hand, and a piece of paper laid upon the table, she was in raptures. She made a few marks on the paper, apparently to try the pencil; then in one flourish she drew a deer perfectly, and, what is most surprising, she began at the tip of the tail. One person pointed to his fingers and counted ten, which she repeated in good English; but when she had numbered all her fingers, her English was exhausted, and her numeration, if numeration it were, was in the Beothic tongue. This person, whose Indian name is Shanandithit, is thought to be the wife of the man who was shot. The old woman was morose, and had the look and action of a savage. She would sit all day on the floor with a deer-skin shawl on, and looked with dread or hatred upon everyone that entered the courthouse. When we came away Shanandithit kissed all the company, shook hands with us, and distinctly repeated "good-bye."

After a few weeks the women were sent back to where they had been taken, but when the boat landed them on the beach and was about to leave them, they cried, they screamed, and rushed into the water after the boat, so they were taken to Twillingate till the pleasure of the government concerning them could be known. Before long the sick girl died, and the mother did not live long after her, but Shannandithit survived for many years, and died in the hospital of St. John's. From her it was understood that the reason she and her mother and sister had been so unwilling to return to their own people was that, having been for some time amongst the white men regarded by their tribe as deadly enemies, they would be put to death as traitors.

The man supposed to have been Shannandithit's husband was in reality her uncle. The family had been driven by want of food to the seacoast to look for shellfish. At that time the tribe had dwindled down to a very few individuals, and the fate of the remnant of the race is wrapped in mystery.

No doubt the Red Indians retaliated on the fishermen and settlers in many instances. Driven from his fishing-grounds, robbed of his lands, his kinsmen shot down like wild beasts, what wonder that the despairing Beothuk, lurking amid the surrounding bushes, when he got the chance stealthily let fly his arrows at the encroaching white man, who possibly, in cold blood, had murdered the Indian's wife and child?

As no attempt had ever been made to Christianize, or even to civilize, them, the sin could not be laid to their charge. When a tardy conscience awoke as to the treatment of the Red Indians, like most tardy consciences it came too late. The wrongs of the Beothuks had been too many and too deep for them ever again to trust the white man. In silence they passed away, and the solemn pine forests and desolate barrens of Newfoundland alone know the secret of the doom of those who have been termed the "most forlorn of all human creatures."

From Temple Bar.

#### SOCIETY POETS.

To treat of trifles in a style not trivial — this is the art of the society poet. It may be taken as an axiom, that the more trifling is the subject of a poem the more

exquisite should be the workmanship. Writers of *vers de société* exist by legions; but as fine workmen must in every art be rare, the names which attain to the first rank are few. None but a master of style can write a ballad to his mistress's eyebrow that will live; but for a master-hand there is no theme too slight. De Musset never excelled in finish and felicity the immortal lines on Mimi Pinson's bonnet. Pope on Belinda's ravished lock is at his highest point of sparkle. Gray left no choicer stanzas than the "Lines on a Favorite Cat:" —

'Twas on a lofty vase's side  
Where China's gayest art had dyed  
The azure flowers that blow,  
Demurest of the tabby kind  
The pensive Selima, reclined,  
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared:  
The fair round face, the snowy beard,  
The velvet of her paws,  
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,  
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes —  
She saw, and purred applause.

Such is the style which turns trifles into gems, —

That on the stretched forefinger of all Time  
Sparkle forever.

The *curiosa felicitas* of Horace is not finer.

Among society poets, *par excellence*, of this century, who have more or less of this preserving quality of style, Præd's is the earliest and, on the whole, is still the highest name. His art, when at its best, was of that highest kind which seems to be spontaneous. Mr. Matthew Arnold has remarked of Wordsworth, with extreme felicity, that nature seems not only to have inspired his greatest poems, but to have written them for him. Just such is the impression of Præd's finest work. Take the merest trifle of it: —

Let's talk of Coplestone and prayers,  
Of Kitchener and pies,  
Of Lady Sophonisba's airs,  
Of Lady Susan's eyes;  
Let's talk of Mr. Attwood's cause,  
Of Mr. Pocock's play,  
Of fiddles, bubbles, rattles, straws!  
No politics to-day!

The lines seem to have sprung into being without conscious effort, as the leaves come to a tree. Take a longer specimen — the result is still the same. Here is part of Miss Medora Trevilian's "Letter of Advice" to Miss Araminta Vavasour, her absent friend: —

You tell me you're promised a lover,  
My own Araminta, next week;  
Why cannot my fancy discover  
The hue of his coat and his cheek?  
Alas! if he look like another,  
A vicar, a banker, a beau,  
Be deaf to your father and mother —  
My own Araminta, say No!

If he studies the news in the papers  
While you are preparing the tea,  
If he talks of the damps and the vapors  
While moonlight lies soft on the sea,  
If he's sleepy while you are capricious,  
If he has not a musical "oh!"  
If he does not call Werther delici-ous —  
My own Araminta, say No!

If he speaks of a tax or a duty,  
If he does not look grand on his knees,  
If he's blind to a landscape of beauty,  
Hills, valleys, rocks, water, and trees,  
If he dotes not on desolate towers,  
If he loves not to hear the blast blow,  
If he knows not the language of flowers —  
My own Araminta, say No!

Don't listen to tales of his bounty,  
Don't hear what they say of his birth,  
Don't look at his seat in the county,  
Don't calculate what he is worth;  
But give him a theme to write verse on,  
And see if he turns out his toe;  
If he's only "an excellent person,"  
My own Araminta, say No!

Such lines possess, in full perfection, what  
Mr. Arnold, in another of his happy  
phrases, has called "the note of the in-  
evitable." This stream of verse, limpid  
and sparkling, dancing like a mountain rill,  
as if it could not help it, is Præd's pe-  
culiar excellence.

We will take one more example. Here  
are some verses from the "Prologue to  
the Honeymoon:" —

"Cruel papa! don't talk about Sir Harry —"  
So Araminta lisped; "I'll never marry;  
I loathe all men; such unromantic creatures,  
The coarsest tastes, and ah! the the coarsest  
features!"

Betty, the salts! — I'm sick with mere vexa-  
tion

To hear them called the Lords of the Creation.  
They swear fierce oaths, they seldom say their  
prayers;

And then, they shed no tears — unfeeling  
beards!

I, and the friend I share my sorrows with,  
Medora Gertrude Wilhelmina Smith,  
Will weep together through the world's dis-  
asters

In some green vale, unplagued by Lords and  
Masters,

And hand in hand repose at last in death  
As chaste and cold as Queen Elizabeth."  
She spoke in May, and people found in June  
This was *her* Prologue to the Honeymoon!

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXV. 3332

But lo! where Laura, with a frenzied air,  
Seeks her kind cousin in her pony chair,  
And in a mournful voice, by thick sobs  
broken,  
Cries, "Yes, dear Anne! the favors are be-  
spoken;

I *am* to have him; so my friends decided;  
The stars knew quite as much of it as I did!  
You know him, love; he is so like a mum-  
my —

I wonder whether diamonds will become me!  
He talks of nothing but the price of stocks;  
However, I'm to have my opera box.  
That pert thing, Ellen, thought she could  
secure him —

I wish she had, I'm sure I can't endure him!  
The cakes are ordered; how my lips will  
falter

When I stand fainting at the marriage altar!  
But I'm to have him! — oh, the vile baboon!"  
Strange Prologue this for Laura's Honey-  
moon!

This is the very spirit of Pope's lightest  
satire — of such, for example, as the  
sketch of Papillia —

Papillia, wedded to her amorous spark,  
Sighs for the shades — "How charming is a  
park!"

A park is purchased, but the fair he sees  
All bathed in tears — "Oh, odious, odious  
trees!"

Such facility as Præd's nearly always  
slides into slipshodness. There could be  
no surer proof of his innate artistic sense  
of style than that his verse, spontaneous  
as it is, can stand beside Pope's own.

Charles Stewart Calverley — the bril-  
liant C. S. C. — was a writer of quite  
different qualities. His song had more  
the note of a trained bird's; there is art  
in every turn of it. His verse is less nat-  
ural, less "catching," than Præd's; it less  
often remains humming in the reader's  
brain like an air which one hears and goes  
away whistling. He had studied Horace  
like a lover — his versions of the odes  
are among the best existing — and that  
most artistic of all poetic workmen had  
taught him something of his craft. It is  
interesting to observe how, in the lightest  
branches of an art, the study of great mas-  
ters gives a touch of greatness. Both  
Præd and Calverley (like Gray) were  
Cambridge classics of great fame.

Here is the first stanza of Calverley's  
"Ode to Tobacco:" —

Thou who, when fears attack,  
Bidd'st them avaunt, and black  
Care, at the horseman's back  
Perching, unseatest;  
Sweet, when the morn is grey;  
Sweet, when they've cleared away  
Lunch; and at close of day  
Possibly sweetest!

Just thus might Horatius Flaccus have conceived an ode "Ad Tobacconem."

Calverley never wrote anything, in our opinion, better than the piece called "In the Gloaming;" indeed, there are few better verses of their kind existing than the four which we will quote:—

In the gloaming to be roaming where the  
crested waves are foaming,  
And the shy mermaids combing locks that  
ripple to their feet;  
What the gloaming is I never made the ghost  
of an endeavor  
To discover—but whatever were the hour, it  
would be sweet.

Sweet to roam beneath a shady cliff, of course  
with some young lady,  
Lalagé, Neera, Haidee, or Elaine, or Mary  
Ann—  
Love, you dear delusive dream you! very  
sweet your victims deem you  
When, heard only by the seamew, they talk  
all the stuff they can.

Then, to bring your plighted fair one first a  
ring—a rich and rare one—  
Next, a bracelet, if she'll wear one, and a  
heap of things beside;  
And serenely bending o'er her, to inquire if it  
would bore her  
To say when her own adorer may aspire to  
call her bride?

Then, the days of courtship over, with your  
wife to start for Dover  
Or Dieppe—and live in clover evermore,  
whate'er befalls;  
For I've read in many a novel that, unless  
they've souls that grovel,  
Folks *prefer*, in fact, a hovel, to your dreary  
marble halls.

Quite apart from the wit and sparkle of  
the thought, it is a treat to read lines  
moving, in the phrase of Marvel, "on  
plumes so strong, so equal, and so soft."

Calverley, it ought to be remarked, was  
not a society poet alone. He was a fine  
translator; and he was one of the very  
best of parodists. "The Cock and the  
Bull," after the manner of "The Ring and  
the Book" of Mr. Browning, is perhaps  
the most exquisite piece of mockery in  
the world.

Mortimer Collins had much of Calverley's Horatian finish—when he chose to  
use it, which was not always. There is  
not much choicer work in its own line  
than "A Game of Chess," or "Chloe,  
M.A.—*ad amantem suum*." This last  
—an admirable example of Mortimer Col-  
lins at his best—it will suit us well, in  
our comparisons of diverse styles, to call  
to mind.

Careless rhymers! it is true  
That my favorite color's blue:  
But am I  
To be made a victim, sir,  
If to puddings I prefer  
Cambridge  $\pi$ ?

If with giddier girls I play  
Tennis through the summer day  
On the turf,  
Then at night ('tis no great boon)  
Let me study how the moon  
Sways the surf.

Tennyson's idyllic verse  
Surely suits me none the worse  
If I seek  
Old Sicilian birds and bees—  
Music of sweet Sophocles—  
Golden Greek.

You have said my eyes are blue;  
There may be a fairer hue,  
Perhaps—and yet  
It is surely not a sin  
If I keep my secrets in  
Violet.

Judging by the conclusions of the first  
stanza and of the last, this most persua-  
sive and engaging of girl graduates pos-  
sessed one tiny fault—no doubt the only  
one—a taste for puns. Shall we add, for  
the benefit of ladies who are not Chloes  
in Greek learning, that  $\pi$  is pronounced  
pi?

Mortimer Collins, Calverley, and Præd  
have all three passed away. Let us match  
them with three poets who are still among  
us: Mr. Frederick Locker, Mr. Austin  
Dobson, and Mr. Ashby Sterry.

Mr. Locker is, at times, a charming poet.  
Yet he has some defects which a little  
mar our pleasure. His verse, which at its  
best is excellent, is seldom at its best for  
long together. He has a habit now and  
then of changing his mood completely,  
without warning—or passing from the  
gayest laughter into ecstasies of woe. In  
the lines "To my Grandmother," for ex-  
ample, the sudden change of view from  
the young and blooming bride, with her  
bridal wreath, bouquet, lace farthingale  
and gay falbala, to the poor old woman  
waiting for the end, afflicts us with a sense  
of pain, but nothing more. The pathos  
has been sprung upon us when we are out  
of tune with it; we have had no time to  
quench our laughing humor. The effect,  
at least to us (and in this we speak only  
for ourselves) is as if a marriage chime  
had died into a knell, as if a harlequin had  
burst into tears, as if a death's-head had  
grinned suddenly upon our joyous feast.  
Probably, the first half of the poem was  
written at a different time, and in a differ-



ent humor, from the last half. But the reader, who runs through the whole poem in two minutes, has not time to change his mood with speed enough to correspond.

Yet, when all is said, Mr. Locker's place stands very high. Some of his best verses are quite captivating; these, from the first half of the very poem — "To my Grandmother" — of which we have been speaking, for example:—

This relative of mine  
Was she seventy-and-nine  
When she died?  
By the canvas may be seen  
How she looked at seventeen  
As a bride.

Beneath a summer tree  
Her maiden reverie  
Has a charm;  
Her ringlets are in taste —  
What an arm! and what a waist  
For an arm!

With her bridal wreath, bouquet,  
Lace farthingale, and gay  
Falbala —  
Were Romney's limning true  
What a lucky dog were you,  
Grandpapa!

Her lips are sweet as love;  
They are parting! do they move?  
Are they dumb?  
Her eyes are blue, and beam  
Beseechingly, and seem  
To say, "Come!"

What funny fancy slips  
From between those cherry lips!  
Whisper me,  
Sweet deity in paint,  
What canon says I mayn't  
Marry thee?

Could anything be better, also, of their kind, than these stanzas from the poem "To my Mistress's Boots"?—

They nearly strike me dumb,  
And I tremble when they come  
Pit-a-pat:  
This palpitation means  
That the boots are Geraldine's —  
Think of that!

O, where did hunter win  
So delectable a skin  
For her feet?  
You lucky little kid,  
You perished, so you did,  
For my sweet!

The fairy stitching gleams  
On the toes and in the seams,  
And reveals

That Pixies were the wags  
Who tipped these funny tags  
And the heels.

The simpletons who squeeze  
Their extremities to please  
Mandarins,  
Would positively flinch  
From venturing to pinch  
Geraldine's.

Come, Gerry, since it suits  
Such a pretty Puss-in-boots  
These to don,  
Set your little hand awhile  
On my shoulder, dear, and I'll  
Put them on.

Here, again, are stanzas from "The Angora Cat," of quite a different kind, but which, once read, are not to be forgotten.

Long hair — soft as satin —  
A musical purr —  
'Gainst the window she'd flatten  
Her delicate fur.

Once I drove Lou to see what  
Our neighbors were at,  
When in rapture cried she, "What  
An exquisite cat!

"What whiskers! she's purring  
All over. A gale  
Of contentment is stirring  
Her feathery tail.

"Monsieur Pons, will you sell her?"  
"*Ma femme est sortie,*  
Your offer I'll tell her,  
But — will she?" says he.

It is a pleasure to learn that Monsieur Pons proved not to be of adamant, and that the charming creature went home in Louisa's lap.

Mr. Locker has a natural love for what is old and of the past — an old muff, an old oak-tree, an old letter, an old cradle — these are among his themes of song. The lines on "An Old Cradle," we must not quote in full as we should like to do; but here are two stanzas:—

And this was your cradle? why surely, my  
Jenny,  
Such slender dimensions go somewhat to show  
You were a delightfully small Pic-a-ninny,  
Some nineteen or twenty short summers ago.

To hint at an infantine frailty were scandal;  
Let by-gones be by-gones — and somebody knows  
It was bliss such a baby to dance and to dandle,  
Your cheeks were so velvet — so rosy your toes.

And here is the delightful termination:—

Ay, here is your cradle! much, much to my liking,

Though nineteen or twenty long winters have sped;

But hark! as I'm talking there's six o'clock striking,

It is time Jenny's baby should be in its bed.

Mr. Austin Dobson is not, in our opinion, a society poet, but a serious poet, first of all. Such stanzas as "The Song of Angiola in Heaven" are fine and great poetry, and will endure. But his lighter work is often admirable of its kind. It has a color of its own, not easy to define, but quite distinct, and not the least resembling that of any of the writers at whom we have been glancing. The masters whom he most delights to study are not classical, but French; and perhaps no English writer has more skilfully adopted foreign forms of verse—the *rondeau*, in particular. He is a poet, too, of great variety of subject, and very difficult to represent by extracts. Of his very lightest manner "Tu Quoque: an Idyll in the Conservatory," is an admirable example. De Musset, in his happiest humor, could hardly have improved the little comedy.

NELLIE.

If I were you, when ladies at the play, sir,  
Beckon and nod a melodrama through,  
I would not turn abstractedly away, sir,  
If I were you!

FRANK.

If I were you, when persons I affected  
Wait for three hours to take me down to  
Kew,  
I would, at least, *pretend* I recollected,  
If I were you!

NELLIE.

If I were you, when ladies are so lavish,  
Sir, as to keep me every waltz but two,  
I would not dance with *odious* Miss Mac-  
Tavish,  
If I were you!

FRANK.

If I were you, who vow you cannot suffer,  
Whiff of the best, the mildest honeydew,  
I would not dance with smoke-consuming  
Puffer,  
If I were you!

NELLIE.

If I were you, I would not, sir, be bitter,  
Even to write the *Cynical Review*—

FRANK.

No, I should doubtless find flirtation fitter,  
If I were you!

NELLIE.

Really! you would! why, Frank, you're quite  
delightful!

Hot as Othello, and as black of hue—  
Borrow my fan—I would not look so *fright-  
ful*,  
If I were you!

FRANK.

"It is the cause"—I mean your chaperon is  
Bringing some well-curled juvenile. Adieu,  
I shall retire. I'd spare that poor Adonis,  
If I were you!

NELLIE.

Go, if you will—at once—and by express,  
sir,  
Where shall it be? to China, or Peru?—  
Go! I should leave inquirers my address, sir,  
If I were you!

FRANK.

No, I remain. To stay and fight a duel  
Seems, on the whole, the proper thing to do.  
Ah! you are strong—I would not then be  
cruel,  
If I were you!

NELLIE.

One does not like one's feelings to be doubted.

FRANK.

One does not like one's friends to misconstrue.

NELLIE.

If I confess that I a wee bit pouted?

FRANK.

I should confess that I was *piqué*, too.

NELLIE.

Ask me to dance. I'd say no more about it,  
If I were you!

*Waltz—exeunt.*

Mr. Ashby Sterry is an eminently tantalizing poet. The immortal maxim for a picture-critic, "that the picture would have been better if the artist had taken more pains," is literally applicable to the great bulk of his work. His verse, even at its best, seems as if he might easily have made it better; his slap-dash, happy-go-lucky manner never seems to give itself fair play. He appears to be absolutely without the artist's aching for perfection; he has certainly never taken to his heart the noble precept, "A little thing makes perfection, but perfection is not a little thing."

And yet Mr. Ashby Sterry has every gift of the society poet in an eminent degree. He has a quick and pretty fancy; he can turn out with facility a copy of verses on the first trifle that presents itself; a fan or a feather is enough for ten stanzas—as a French cook can make

twenty dishes out of a nettle-top. He is emphatically, as he calls himself, the "lazy minstrel;" he is forever lounging somewhere — in a boat among the ripples, in a hammock in the summer shadows, in an easy chair before the winter fire. And all this is extremely pleasant, but that his laziness infects his verses, which are at times as thin and jingling as the twanging of a banjo. It is curious to remark that the more difficult his form of metre, the better, very often, is the poem — the fetters force him to be careful of his steps. Here is a charming rondeau, for example :

A Diving Belle! pray who is she?  
For swimming thus armed *cap-à-pie*,  
(The sea is like a sea of Brett's)  
A graceful girl in trouserettes,  
And tunic reaching to the knee.

Her voice is in the sweetest key,  
Her laugh is full of gladsome glee;  
Her eyes are blue as violets —  
A Diving Belle!

I wonder what her name can be?  
Her sunny tresses flutter free;  
Now with the ripples she coquets,  
First one white foot, then two, she wets,  
A splash! she's vanished in the sea —  
A Diving Belle!

This is admirable; yet we confess that we are not greatly enamored of these highly artificial forms of verse. To write a good example — as good as that above — is certainly a very clever trick of words; but the result, after all, is but a step or two removed from the old conceits of verses in the shape of hearts, butterflies, or true-love garlands. Poetry, even the poetry of wit, is a bird which, if pent in these close cages, sometimes sings, but often droops and dies. The best rondeau in the language, to our thinking, is Leigh Hunt's:—

Jenny kissed me when we met,  
Jumping from the chair she sat in;  
Time, you thief, who love to get  
Sweets into your list, put *that* in!  
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,  
Say that health and wealth have missed me,  
Say I'm growing old — but add,  
Jenny kissed me!

The form of this, indeed, is far from the correct rondeau form. But what a dainty little piece it is! how graceful, light, and witching!

Mr. Sterry's "Diving Belle," is one of the many pictures of delightful maidens at which he is at his best. When, indeed, we think of these — of Kitten, in her short skirts, playing cricket like a boy —

of Tarpauline, in navy blue, with silver whistle and sailor's necktie, dreaming in her skiff — of St. May, plump, dimpled, a nimbus of bright hair about her head, kneeling in the old, high, black oak pew — when we think of these and of their charming sisterhood, we become aware that we owe the lazy minstrel a debt of gratitude which, in carping at his laziness, we seem to have but ill repaid.

A full treatise on the subject of society poets would include several other present-century names. But it is not our aim to be exhaustive. An essay has its privilege, to pick and choose. We have entered with our reader into a rich garden, we have wandered at our pleasure, have plucked whatever flowers most struck our fancy, and now leave the rest behind us.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### MY RIDE TO SHESHOUAN.

I DO not know whether it was merely from love of adventure, or from curiosity to see a place that, as far as is known, has been only once before looked upon by Christian eyes, that I made up my mind to attempt to reach Sheshouan, a fanatical Berber city situated in the mountainous district of northern Morocco, between the large tribe-lands of Beni-Hassan and the Riff. But whatever was my first impulse, this helped to bring me to a decision — the very fact that there existed within forty hours' ride of Tangier, a city into which it was considered an utter impossibility for a Christian to enter. That such a place can exist, seems almost incredible to those whose sole experience of Morocco is based on the luxurious Tangier hotels, and the more than semi-civilization of that town.

My mind once made up, it did not take long to prepare myself for my journey; and on a Friday of July in this year I might have been seen purchasing in the native Tangier shops the articles of clothing that were needed for my disguise, — for any attempt to proceed thither in European dress must prove unsuccessful. The costume that I chose consisted of the white long shirt and baggy trousers of the Moors, a small crimson silk sleeveless jacket, the *tarboosh* or *fez*, and a *jelaba* or white-hooded cloak that envelops one from one's ankles to one's head. Having successfully purchased these articles, my next business was to send for a boy — by name Selim — who lived in Tangier, but who

was a native of Sheshouan. An hour later he came, looking very thin and down on his luck; I told him of my idea, and found him — much to my surprise — ready for a comparatively small sum of money to accompany me, and act as guide. I forthwith sent him into town, where he hired two mules with *burdas*, or Moorish pack-saddles, which were to be at my hotel at two o'clock the following morning. I then packed my luggage — a not very tedious proceeding, — as it consisted merely of a small red leather native bag, which I wore slung over my shoulder, containing a tooth-brush, a revolver, twenty-five rounds of cartridges, a few sheets of writing-paper, a pencil, and fifty cigarettes. Beyond this I only took a blanket, which was spread over the rough pack-saddle.

About three the next morning we left, and arrived at Tetuan — our first stage, distant from Tangier some forty-five miles — in about ten hours. I shall not describe the journey thither, as it is one so easily and so often undertaken; but I cannot pass on without some little mention of the splendid situation of that town, with its mosque towers and flat-roofed white houses, its gorgeous gardens, its river, the banks of which were crimson with oleanders — now in full bloom — and the glorious background of wooded and rocky mountains.

I put up at a Moorish *fondak* or caravanserai — a dirty place, full of mules and vermin; but it was a necessity to keep up my disguise and go through any discomforts rather than risk discovery.

My guide spoke no language but Arabic, of which I was only sufficiently cognizant to be able to understand the gist of his remarks, and just render myself understood by him; but of course, had I opened my mouth to speak in the presence of other Moors, I should have been at once detected.

The following morning we were up before dawn, and fording the river near Tetuan, proceeded on our way. As soon as it was daylight, we began to pass Moors coming into town with vegetables and wood, laden on donkeys; and I was pleased to find that my disguise was sufficiently satisfactory to lead them to assume that I was an Arab, and to salute me with the salutation — never offered to a Christian — *Salaam 'alikhūm*. After about two hours on the road, we passed through the village of Zenat, perched high on the mountain-side, — a pretty, picturesque little place, half hidden in its groves

of olives and oleanders, with tiny streams and miniature waterfalls in every direction, and rocks clustered with maidenhair fern. When we had left the village behind, the road led us along the mountain-side at a great distance above the valley beneath, till, an hour later, we descended by a winding path, forded the river, and proceeded up the valley on the left-hand bank. Up to this point the country had been fertile and well cultivated, and the fields full of men and women gathering in the harvest; but now we had entered the country of the wild Beni-Hassan tribe, and the aspect entirely changed; instead of fields, nothing but steep mountains, covered with arbutus and other stunted growth, being visible, except ahead of us, where the great bare rocky peaks of the Sheshouan mountains stood out boldly against the morning sky.

The next object that we passed was a ruined *fondak* or caravanserai, not unlike that which exists half-way between Tangier and Tetuan, but entirely deserted and out of repair. It was near this *fondak* that my first adventure befell me. We had been overtaken by two Beni-Hassan tribesmen, who, I had noticed, had scanned me very closely — far more closely than I appreciated; and I was not particularly pleased suddenly to discover these two, and a third who was holding a chestnut horse, stationary about two hundred yards in front of me, engaged in conversation, and now and again turning in my direction. There was no other course than to proceed, which I did. On nearing them, the owner of the horse placed it across the road, completely blocking my way, while his two companions took up their position on either side. On my reaching them, one, seizing my bridle, told me I must go no further, while a second pulled me from my mule by my *jelaba* or cloak. I knew that if I uttered a sound my chance of reaching Sheshouan was at an end, so grasping my revolver firmly under my cloak, for the double reason of having it ready in case of necessity and keeping it from the sight of my assailants, I remained dumb. My Arab boy proved himself on this occasion — as he did on several afterwards — to be quite worthy of the confidence I had placed in him, for, lying in a calm and collected manner, he asserted that I was a Moor from Fez.

"Why does he not speak?" asked one of the men.

"Is it likely a Moorish gentleman would speak to robbers who attack him on the road, and insult him by pulling him off

his mule?" responded Selim; "but he will be revenged, for when the sultan comes (referring to the approaching visit of the sultan to Tetuan) he will come here and lay your country waste."

Thereupon the men, with a still incredulous look, relinquished their hold of me, and mounting once more I proceeded on my way. An elevation having rendered us invisible to the tribesmen, we thought it as well to place a more satisfactory distance between ourselves and them, so whipped the mules into a gallop, and were soon some way ahead.

Turning a corner, we suddenly came upon a band of some twenty or thirty Beni-Hassani working by the roadside. These we passed without any difficulty, though the minute or two that we took to pass through them was scarcely a pleasant time, as I expected every moment to hear our first assailants shouting to them to arrest my progress. Then we again proceeded at a gallop over terribly open country; I say *terribly open*—for I felt sure that before many minutes were over I should need some place of concealment. We were crossing the high tableland that exists between the Zenat and Sheshouan valleys—an elevation that is entirely ignored on most of the maps of the country—and the only spot that would offer any cover was a stream, the banks of which were overgrown with oleanders. For this we at once made, and entering the bed of the stream I dismounted and hid myself amongst the shrubs, while Selim led the mules to a spot some little way further up the river.

By this time the three men who had first stopped me had reached the band we had seen at work, and informed them of their belief in the presence of a Christian; and as I had expected, a few minutes later some dozen Arabs appeared in sight running along the path we had just travelled over. In five minutes they had found our mules, and were questioning Selim as to my whereabouts. From my hiding-place I could overhear sufficient of the conversation that passed between them.

"Where is the Christian?" they asked.

"What Christian?" said Selim.

"The Christian who was with you."

"There was no Christian with me."

"Who was with you?"

"A Moor; the son of Abdul Malek from Fez, who is going to Sheshouan to see some of his mother's people."

"Bring him here."

"I don't know where he is."

Then for a minute or two the talking

was carried on in whispers, and I saw my boy and an elderly mountaineer leave the group and wander off engaged in conversation. A few minutes later I was discovered and marched forth from the river-bed to a large tree growing near by on the plain, where I found myself alone with a dozen or so wild-looking fellows. I knew that to deny I was a Christian was useless now, so I informed them at once that I was one, and that I was on my way to Sheshouan, handing them meanwhile (much to my grief!) some of my cigarettes. They seemed very much surprised at the calm way in which I took matters, and not a little amused; and five minutes later, conversation—as far as my Arabic would allow—was being carried on in an animated but amicable manner. Suddenly my boy appeared on the scene, and never in my life have I seen a face of greater surprise than he wore then, on finding me seated in the group of Berber mountaineers, who a minute or two before had been telling him to bring me out from my hiding-place, presumably to kill me,—and not only seated there, but apparently on the best of terms!

On my rising a few minutes later to proceed on my journey, they begged me to go no further, assuring me that if I were discovered I would for certain lose my life, and that even their own people would kill me if they detected that I was a Christian. I told them that I had made up my mind to reach Sheshouan at any risk, and bade them adieu, shaking hands with all of them, but closing my ears to their ill-omened warnings.

We had soon left the watershed, and once more the path led us along the steep mountain-side—the new valley running almost due south, while that we had left ran in the opposite direction. From where we were now we obtained a glorious view, rivalling any scenery I have seen in Morocco, with the exception of some of the valleys of the Atlas Mountains, which it much resembled. Thousands of feet into the now sunset sky the great mountain of Sheshouan reared its rocky crags; while far below, purple in the evening shadow, lay the wooded and cultivated valley, with its rapid river turning and twisting here, there, and everywhere like a thread of silver.

We were now at no great distance from Sheshouan, so concealing ourselves in the bushes, we awaited the setting of the sun. As soon as he was down we resumed our journey, and an hour later, in bright moonlight, crossing the sharp ridge of a hill,



came suddenly upon Sheshouan, and found ourselves in the *sôko*, or marketplace, situated outside the walls of the town. Crossing the *sôko* at a brisk trot, we entered the town by the Bab-el-Sôk, and proceeding through several streets, passed under a dark archway. Here dismounting, we knocked at a door, which being opened, we entered the house of my guide's parents. In the dark they did not recognize me as a Christian—in fact it was not till some minutes later, when we had secured the mules in the *patio* of the house, and ourselves in a large bare room, that my boy confided in them. They were not at all pleased to see me, but they knew as well as I did—and therein lay my safety—that my detection meant death to their son for bringing me, as well as to myself. Half an hour later, having partaken of some food, and rested a little—for we had been sixteen hours *en route* from Tetuan, I left the house, and with Selim's father walked through the town.

Sheshouan, which is a large town covering more acreage than Tangier, and possessing seven mosques and five gates, is magnificently situated on the slope of the mountain, which rises from the town almost perpendicularly to a great height. The houses are different from those of any other city in the country, as they do not possess the general flat roof, but are gabled and tiled with red tiles, which gives the place more the appearance of a Spanish than a Moorish town. But what to the natives is the great attraction of Sheshouan is the abundance of water; for issuing from caves far above in the mountain-side are three waterfalls, whose water is so cold that the natives use the expression that "it knocks one's teeth out to drink it." I tasted it, and found it too cold to be pleasant drinking. From the pool at the bottom of these three falls aqueducts carry the water to the numerous mills which are clustered there, after turning the wheels of which it continues its course to the many fruit-gardens for which Sheshouan is famous. After about two hours' walk in the town, we returned once more to the house, where I was only too glad to roll myself in my blanket and surrender my weary body to sleep. All next day I lay in hiding. During the afternoon we decided that my safest means of leaving would be after dark in the disguise of a woman, as that would render me almost entirely hidden from sight under the enormous *haik* that completely envelops womankind in Morocco.

About sunset my boy returned from

purchasing some fowls and eggs for supper, looking very much upset and in tears. I was sorry to see this, for up till now he had behaved splendidly, though his mother had been in one long fit of hysterical crying ever since I had arrived—a circumstance which was not warranted to improve any one's spirits. Even when I saw Selim in this state, I never suspected anything was wrong, except that his spirits had given way under the strain, and it was quite casually that I asked him what was the cause of his trouble.

"Oh, sir," he cried, "it is all up! Those Beni-Hassan men have told that they had seen a Christian on his way to Sheshouan, and all the town is on the alert to catch you!"

I went at once to the tiny window and looked into the street. It was full of men hurrying to and fro. Twice I heard the question asked, "Have you seen the Christian?" My prospects certainly did not look golden; but nothing could be done for an hour or so, till it was dark; and on an empty stomach one can do very little, so I set to work and cooked and ate my supper. I had not much appetite, but I made a point of eating half a roast fowl and drinking a large jugful of milk, meanwhile carefully considering my plans in my mind. First, I determined to abandon the woman's disguise, as being of a suspicious nature, and instead borrowed a torn and ragged mountaineer's brown cloak.

Supper was over, and in half an hour more it would be sufficiently dark for me leave. What a wretched half-hour that was! Selim was in tears, his mother in hysterics, his father sulky; in fact, the only persons who kept up any show of spirits were myself—and I confess it was nothing more than a mere "show" of spirits—and a man whose help had been sought, a native of a mountain village some hours distant, and who all through never lost his cheerfulness, though the risk of losing his own life—a risk that he was voluntarily running—was very great.

At last the half-hour was over, and all our plans completed. Mahomed, my new-found friend (and verily a friend in need), was to accompany me out of the town by the principal gate, thus hoping to excite less suspicion than if we attempted to escape by one of the less important and more obscure exits; while Selim was to proceed by another way and meet us outside the *sôko*. The mules we left for the present, arranging for Selim's father to bring them early in the morning to our

next hiding-place, the cottage of Mahomed, situated in a village some four hours distant.

My disguise was light and airy, — far too light and airy for such a cold night — consisting as it did merely of a brown jelaba and a pair of slippers. Creeping quietly through the door we left the house, and walked through the now crowded streets to the gate. Every now and again I felt an uncomfortable, creepy sensation, as I heard the hurrying natives saying to one another — and saying it once or twice even to my companion and myself — “Where is the Christian?” “Have you seen the dog of a Christian?” At the gate was a guard placed to stop me; but in my disguise I passed them successfully and entered the *sôko*, where men were passing to and fro on the lookout for me. Here, to avoid suspicion we seated ourselves cross-legged on the ground and remained sitting for several minutes, — it seemed like an hour. While in this position a native came and seated himself next to me, and carried on a short conversation with my companion. Every moment I expected detection — it seemed an impossibility that I should escape. Then we rose and were once more *en route*.

Soon we had reached the spot where Selim was to have met us, but there were no signs of him. We sat down on some rocks and waited, but he did not come. Then Mahomed left me to search for him, and I was alone, but completely hidden among the ferns and stones. While Mahomed was away, a man passed me so closely that his jelaba touched my knees; but he went on without perceiving me. A few minutes later Mahomed and Selim appeared, the latter having mistaken the trysting-place.

We at once set off at a brisk walk across country to Mahomed's cottage. For four hours and a half we walked in the cold night, over the most terrible ground. We had not been on our way half an hour, when I slipped in crossing a stream, and got my shoes soaked with water, which rendered them impossible to walk in. From that moment, till we arrived at the cottage, I walked bare-legged and bare-footed, pushing my ankles, already raw from sunburning, through the sharp, thorny bushes, till the blood was trickling down over my feet. At last we reached the village, and creeping from tree to tree, Mahomed reconnoitring ahead, we entered the cottage. I was at once taken to my hiding-place, a kind of cellar, but very clean, where, half an hour later, when I

had bound up my legs in some strips of sackcloth, we ate a supper of native bread and goat's milk, and very good it was too. My kind friends then left me, and were soon slumbering in another part of the cottage, — their snore reaching me even in my cellar. I felt better, though far from safe, yet I was out of Sheshouan. I opened my red-leather bag, and drew out some cigarettes; then rolling myself in my blanket, I lay and watched the blue smoke curl up and up till it was lost in the darkness. Never did I enjoy a cigarette so much as then, and were I a poet, I would have written an ode to that benefactor of mankind, Nestor Gianacis. It was not long, however, before I fell asleep, worn out with the excitement of the day, and the long night walk; nor did I wake till late the next morning. My breakfast — bread and eggs and milk — was brought me at once, and I received the welcome news of the arrival of my mules.

Luck, however, was against me, for one of the very Beni-Hassan men who had accosted me on the road turned up in the village by some evil chance and recognized my beasts. However, Mahomed denied that they belonged to Christians; but the suspicion of the villagers was aroused, and again I was in great danger.

It had been our intention to proceed on our way when the sun set, but toward evening we discovered that the villagers were on the lookout for me, and that it would be unsafe to leave before the moon went down, about midnight.

That day and evening seemed very long, but Mahomed never lost his cheerful mien, and kept me interested by telling me stories of himself — how he was the head of a robber band, and only a few months before had shot two rich Moors, whom he had robbed, and whose mules he had stolen. Never for a moment did I mistrust him, as I knew that whatever he might be, his ideas of hospitality — the greatest virtue the Arabs possess — would render impossible any treachery. The only reason I can think of why he should have rendered me such services was his love of adventure, for he positively seemed to enjoy the risk he was himself running in saving me. There was no monetary reason in his acts; for on my parting from him the next day, he absolutely refused to take what I offered him, and it was with great difficulty that I persuaded him even to accept payment for the food, etc., I had partaken of in his house.

At last the moon went down, and accompanied by Mahomed I set out, again

creeping from tree to tree and hedge to hedge, once even taking refuge in an empty stable, till the village and the guard around it were safely passed. Then Mahomed hid me in a clump of trees while he returned to the village, and, with Selim, brought out my mules. The cold was intense, in spite of its being July, and I felt cramped and sore indeed as I crouched down, not daring to move a muscle. So an hour passed, then my eyes were gladdened with the welcome sight of Mahomed, Selim, and the mules. Selim and I at once mounted the beasts, while Mahomed walked ahead to show us the way. When dawn appeared we were well on our way, and an hour or two after sunrise had left almost all danger behind us. At the ruined fondak, which we reached after about eight hours' ride, Mahomed left us and turned back. Never did I grasp a hand to say good-bye with more kindly feelings than I did that of this stalwart, handsome mountaineer, who had risked his own life and had saved mine. I tried to thank him in fitting words, but he stopped me and said, "It is nothing, it is nothing." Four hours later the white walls of Tetuan were in sight; and thirteen hours after leaving the village, tired and hungry, with blood-stained legs and torn clothes, I passed through the gates with a sigh of relief such as I have seldom sighed, and felt myself — at last — safe from all dangers.

Possibly in three months' time there will be no such place as Sheshouan, for the inhabitants have always been at war with the sultan's people, and denied his authority. Not long ago his Majesty sent a governor there to try to bring about a more orderly state of affairs; and had he survived, he might have done so, but he was at once murdered by the fanatical inhabitants. Rumor, which often speaks the truth, says that the sultan, on his approaching visit to Tetuan, intends to turn aside from his route and revenge his governor's death, to lay waste their country, kill their men, carry their women and children captive, and burn their city. My only hope is that my friends may escape.

WALTER B. HARRIS.

Tangier, 1888.

From The Spectator.

#### THE CIRCUITS.

YEAR after year, and term after term, the judges of the Queen's Bench division

meet in the vain hope of reforming the circuit system. The summit of their reasonable ambition must necessarily be to succeed in reducing inevitable inconvenience to a minimum. The provinces will not be denied in their claim for a share of the judicial talent which is collected upon the Common Law Bench, and so long as that claim is recognized, London suitors and London lawyers will continue to have ground for complaint. There is here, in truth, no question of fairness or unfairness. Except from a sentimental point of view, it matters very little whether Manchester and Liverpool, to take cases which are important, or Bodmin and Presteign, to select cases which are of less gravity, obtain a larger proportion of the services of the bench than their population deserves. Yet this is the basis upon which the problem is commonly discussed, as though the principles of arithmetic were the only legitimate foundation of the arrangements of society. In truth, we stand in some danger lest arithmetic should become our tyrant, and even the judges occasionally show a tendency to hasten the advent of the tyranny. "What is the amount in dispute?" So a lord justice will interrogate counsel for an appellant in the court to which appellants must go; and when the halting answer comes that the question is only one concerning the right destination of a hundred pounds or less, the court assumes an attitude which is partly pitiful and partly indignant. It is a scandal — so we read the thoughts lying behind those serenely contemptuous faces — that the trained judgment of the most eminent men on the bench should be forced to direct itself to the settlement of these petty disputes at a time when momentous issues are waiting for solution. So London lawyers and London suitors exclaim that it is an outrage that the common-law judges should be engaged in trying prisoners in distant parts of the country, while the courts of the Queen's Bench division are an echoing desert. Nothing, in reality, is more difficult to justify than the tone of these complaints. The same principles of law apply to a bill for £20 as to a bill for £5,000; a dispute over a peasant's will is as important to the parties concerned as a quarrel over millions is to men of greater wealth. A question affecting the liberty of the humblest subject is at least as grave as one in which millions of money are involved. Moreover, if the truth must be told, this fact is one to which the minds not only of the public, the poor purblind public which

may easily be misled, but also of the judges who, above all others, ought to recognize to the full the fundamental principle that the poor man and the rich are equal in the eye of the law, ought to be earnestly directed.

The existence of a circuit system can only be justified on the principles which have been set forth in the foregoing lines. That such a system has certain special advantages to recommend it, an attempt will be made to prove later. For the present we are concerned to show that the metropolis, although it puts its complaint in a form which is almost immoral, in that it involves the assumption that wealth deserves better justice than poverty, has a genuine and serious grievance to exhibit notwithstanding. A map of this grievance may be bought for a penny in the shape of the circuit paper, which, in order that it may be complete as a map, must be supplemented with a note to the effect that, by virtue of the special commission, two additional judges are, as far as ordinary litigation goes, not at the disposal of the community. The paper shows that Mr. Justice Field opened the commission at Reading on November 10th. Mr. Justice Cave was due at Aylesbury on the 14th, but has since found time to hurry up to London in order to attend to his business as bankruptcy judge. Looking round the other circuits, we find the commission-day at Carlisle fixed for the 17th, Salisbury for the same day, Cambridge for the 19th, Newcastle for the 22nd, Carnarvon for the 27th. The net result is that from November 27th till the end of the term, Baron Pollock, Justices Field, Stephen, Mathew, Cave, Wills, Grantham, and Charles, have engagements in the provinces. There remain in London, the lord chief justice, Mr. Justice Manisty, Baron Huddleston, and Mr. Justice Denman; and of these, one must be engaged daily in judges' chambers. Surely, then, London has reason to complain that three judges are a ridiculous force to oppose to the common-jury list, the special-jury list, the without-jury list, to say nothing of the multifarious matters which call for the attention of a divisional court. Yet the period of Autumn Assizes is not that at which the grievance is most conspicuous, for, except in Manchester and Liverpool, the judges have only to deal with criminal business; and on the smaller circuits the prisoners of many counties will be concentrated in a few centres for trial. Anglesey men, for example, will be tried at Carnarvon; prisoners from the counties

of Merioneth and Montgomery must journey to Denbighshire; and if they are poor men, who might have been able to call witnesses if they had been tried in their own counties, their cases call for no small measure of sympathy. Soon, too, Birmingham will be added to the list of towns which will not be denied a civil assize at every circuit, and those who know her well predict that her assize courts, the fabric of which is now rising, will find occupation for judges for many weeks at a time.

Beyond question, such a state of affairs as this is not creditable to the good sense of the community, and it is high time to look for remedies. Tinkering at the existing circuit system is obviously of no avail. The judges have been engaged in that hopeless task for many a year, with the same result in every case. The provinces protest, the members of the various circuits complain that a constant state of uncertainty is ruinous to them, and prejudices them in mapping out their forensic careers; and metropolitan suitors complain without ceasing that their interests are neglected. In truth, the problem before the judges is insoluble under existing conditions. Fifteen men cannot do the work of twenty, nor can they so arrange the work of twenty that it can be done by fifteen. All that they can achieve is to crowd the work of the provinces into as little time as possible, insomuch that provincial solicitors urge that the work is scamped at assizes; to sit on occasion for fourteen hours at a stretch—the writer has twice known this to happen—and by this means snatch a few days for London. The evil is one, in short, which calls for thorough reform. Either the number of the judges must be increased, or something must be done in the direction of decentralization; or, in other words, the jurisdiction of county courts and quarter-sessions must be extended. Whichever course is adopted, money must be spent; and here the traditional parsimony of the Treasury stands in the way. The Treasury, which can hardly be induced to find funds in obedience to the express commands of Parliament, invariably opposes any measure which threatens to call upon it for money. Now, new judges would have to be paid; that is beyond question. An extension of the county-court jurisdiction would involve an increase in the wages of the county-court judges, since, in the first place, it is unjust to increase men's work without raising their pay; and, in the second place, the pay of county-court judges

is not at present sufficient to tempt first-rate men to leave the bar. Again, in the case of quarter-sessions, as at present constituted, it not seldom happens that the real arbiter upon questions of evidence is not the chairman, but the local attorney, who as clerk directs the bench. If the jurisdiction of quarter-sessions is to be enlarged, then the justices must be placed under the direction of professional chairmen of ability and experience, and such men must be paid. But for all that, it is extremely questionable whether any call need eventually be made upon the Treasury, for courts of law pay their own expenses, and increased facilities for litigation have invariably been followed by an increase in the number of suitors. Nor is increased litigation an evil of necessity, since your sad-litigious individual, whether he be the typical party in person or a speculative attorney, will go to law in spite of difficulties, while honest men are coerced into yielding to injustice because of the law's delays.

Between the two remedies suggested there is not much to choose in the way of expense; but it is submitted that the balance of convenience is in favor of an increase in the number of judges such as would enable circuit business to be done properly, and London work to be efficiently performed. Decentralization involves crystallization. County-court judges, after some years in a given locality, begin to know too much of the inhabitants, become familiar with the appearance of suitors, and the manners of the advocates who appear before them. Sometimes they become—but this is rare—violently dogmatic, or take an objection on principle to an act of Parliament. The writer has experience of one who can hardly be induced to recognize the Married Women's Property Act, and of more than one whose patience yields to the strain caused by the feeling that, if he listens to argument, he may lose a convenient train. Moreover, if you increase the jurisdiction, you make it inevitable that the county-court judge should, from time to time, be compelled to try cases in which the interests of his friends are involved, which is a thing by no means to be desired, for, let him be ever so impartial, he will in such cases be accused of favoritism. Under the circuit system, on the contrary, legal intelligence circulates. Judges fresh from London, from contact with the highest ability at the bar, go through the country administering justice to men who are complete strangers to them, and knowing

nothing of the antecedents of the parties. They have the evidence before them, and decide accordingly; and so deciding, or in criminal cases apportioning punishment, they are, in addition, an example of judicial demeanor. A judge on circuit is, in fact, a teacher of the law no less than an administrator, and the lessons which, by example and precept, he instils into the magistrates in his grand-jury box are of inestimable value. Further, the circuits are of great profit as a practical, if expensive, school to young barristers. In the prosecution of prisoners, a simple task and a lightly paid, they flesh their forensic steel and learn to conquer nervousness; at the bar mess they are brought into closer contact than would otherwise be possible with men who are imbued with the best traditions of an honorable profession. Thus do they establish friendships with and profit by the experience of men who are worth knowing, and the country, in the long run, is the gainer, for the code of honor on circuit is high, and the nation would be indeed in evil case if its barristers, as a body, were not worthy of implicit confidence.

From The Economist.

#### THE SUBMISSION OF GREAT BRITAIN TO QUEENSLAND.

The government has announced, through Baron de Worms in the Commons, and Lord Knutsford in the Lords, that it has submitted to the ministry of Queensland in the matter of Sir H. Blake, and that this officer, though his ability and services are acknowledged on all hands, will not be appointed governor in that colony. We are not about to remonstrate further, for the submission once announced is, of course, irreversible, but we doubt if those who have approved it are quite aware of all the many and serious consequences it will entail. One of them is, that it distinctly puts back that federation of the empire of which so many politicians, some of them, like Lord Rosebery, desirous of reputation as practical men, have recently been dreaming. To use one of the American phrases, which fifteen years ago were so familiar to us all, the movement of the Queensland government, whether justified or not, has ended in a victory for State rights, and not for any closer union of the empire, federal or otherwise. The great bond which has hitherto united the kingdom with its free



colonies has been the imperial authority expressed and exercised through the free choice of governors by the Colonial Office, and this bond is now materially relaxed. It will henceforth be impossible for the colonial minister to appoint a governor, whether in Australia, Canada, or the Cape, without "previous communication" with the government of the colony, and as that is a party government, it will have a strong interest in vetoing particular men and suggesting others. It will be found much less troublesome in practice to allow a colony to submit names; and the governor so chosen will feel that he derives his appointment from a kind of informal election by the colonists themselves. He will therefore seek favor in the colony, and become a colonial officer, and the royal or central authority will be, *pro tanto*, weakened, the Colonial Office having no longer freedom in giving its rewards. There will, in fact, hardly remain any official tie with the mother country at all except the appeal to the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, and that cannot stand long against the growth of colonial jealousy fostered by every local barrister. When that has disappeared there will remain no semblance of authority except the seldom used royal veto on legislative acts, and the colonies will, in fact, have become protected States in an unusually strict, but not mutually equal, alliance with Great Britain. We shall have the expense of defending them, and they all the profit of being defended. That may be a good development or a bad one, but it is a development in the direction of State rights only, and is fatal, until totally new policies have been adopted, to any scheme whatever of imperial federation. There will be but one flag, as at present, but that will be the only symbol of a united empire visible to all eyes in the colonies.

Secondly, the blow to the colonial service will be much more severe than is imagined. We have before explained that the Colonial Office will lose its power of keeping up a regular flow of promotion, but the injury to the service will go deeper than this. Able governors with characters, wills, and conspicuous histories will soon be at a discount. The colonial governments will henceforward watch the service, and their natural disposition will be to veto any striking individuality; first, because he is sure to be "unaccountable" to some class or other, — for instance, a very philanthropic governor of Jamaica would arouse much trepidation among Queensland planters — and,

secondly, because ministers wish the governor to be a figurehead, and not a man with a policy of his own. Colonial ministers are human, and they can hardly help wishing for governors with colorless characters, who will be very pleasant to everybody, and will not detract in any way from ministers' credit or even overshadow them in society. Strong governors will find themselves by degrees tabooed and restricted to the crown colonies, which neither are nor can be objects of the highest ambition, while they are from climatic considerations, and the great difficulty of educating children in them, avoided by the most experienced men. The change will lower the tone of the whole service, which will see its prizes greatly diminished, if not in value, at least in the certainty with which they can be attained, and which will be taught in the most practical manner that to gain reputations, and thereby make enemies is not the quickest or the most successful road to advancement. The ablest will be laid aside, as they are in presidential elections, both in America and France, in favor of those who are the least disliked. Ordinary Englishmen are hardly aware how good this colonial service is, or how valuable an instrument will be injured by any change which greatly impairs either its hopefulness or its freedom in administering the colonies entrusted to it to the best advantage of their populations.

Thirdly, the service will also be impoverished by another cause, the intrusion into its prize appointments of persons who in England possess distinction either political or social. The first objection of the Queensland government to Sir H. Blake is, no doubt, that he is an Irishman and a Unionist, but the second is that he was only a police magistrate without any distinction at all, except that of having won the confidence of his superiors. The colony desired a man, the ministry said, and was entitled to a man, who might have entered a Cabinet, or have been entrusted with a great English department. Such men are not often willing to exile themselves in mature life after a long struggle to attain political position at home, but it is well understood that persons of rank will be accepted as their equivalent. They, if they cannot help in governing, can at least help in giving colonial society that tone and distinction for which Englishmen who are growing rich instinctively sigh. Nowhere is the value of a title higher than in a colony, and peers and eldest sons will be the most acceptable

candidates for governorships. There is no particular objection to that, for the poorer peers are as able as any other class, and make, for example, fair governors in India, but they will interfere greatly with the prospects of the regular servants of the office, who are expected to work hard in unpleasant climates, and so earn their promotion. Their character as a corporation is one of the guarantees of the empire, and in abandoning Sir H. Blake, Lord Knutsford has, we fear, suffered it to be lowered. There may have been no alternative in the present condition of opinion, and the announcement has been made in the most decorous and gentlemanly way, but it is impossible to avoid feeling that Sir T. McIlwraith, the Queensland premier, has succeeded in weakening considerably the ties which bind the free colonies to Great Britain, and in reducing perceptibly the hopefulness of the valuable class who depend upon a just exercise of its patronage by the Colonial Office.

---

From The Spectator.

#### THE TRAINING OF KINGS.

THE occasional, though, we are happy to see, the infrequent telegrams from Madrid about the king of Spain seem, we fancy, to most readers to have in them something a little pathetic. The strangeness and separateness of the position of the only child who in all modern history has been born a king, excites even in foreigners a sympathy which in Spain itself is so deep as to be a powerful factor in all political combinations. A monarch in the measles, a king crying for his toys, the possessor of the last Bourbon throne holding audiences from his nurse's lap, — these startling incongruities, though they provoke a smile, awaken also a sentiment of pity. The contrast between the loftiness of the position and the powerlessness of its holder is so great, that it arouses the natural protecting instinct of grown-up mankind; and republicans of the kindlier sort, while detesting thrones, catch themselves wishing better luck than usual to this occupant of the Spanish one. He is a sovereign, but a baby too. He has need of good wishes, if they are of any use; for although he has the advantage of an able mother, who displays the freedom from fidget characteristic of her house, every member of which seems to believe that Hapsburgs are part of the economy of nature, there is nothing which is so

difficult, not to say impossible, as the fit training of a modern king. So much has to be attempted, and, in this special instance, so much in so short a time, that the task may well seem overwhelming. Everything must be finished, after some fashion or other, within the next fourteen years; for once crowned, a king can be trained only by the work of his life, or by some dominant minister who may never arise, or arising, may wish nothing less than to make his pupil capable of doing without him. The little king will, fortunately, not be oppressed from the first, like his cousin of Austria, by the necessity of thinking in five languages; but he must learn two, Spanish and French, and will probably from the first use his mother's tongue besides. There is a theory growing in England that such an obligation is a pure advantage; and so it is as far as the mere knowledge of languages is concerned; but it may be gravely doubted whether it conduces to strength of thought, whether the mind is not confused rather than benefited by the multiplying of its instruments. We do not find that children born in border lands, or in India, or in the great houses of Russia, excel in thinking; while the mark of the royal caste, which is very cosmopolitan in respect of language, is want of originality. Learning the etiquettes is, fortunately, no burden, for the courts have decided by a happy inspiration that etiquettes worry least those who always observe them, and that an observance of forms, if it is only so constant as to escape notice, does not impair simplicity of character. The worship paid to royalty, if it begins with birth, is hardly perceived, and no more inflates the character than do the etiquettes which, in all private houses where there are servants, constitute such an impassable and separating wall. Still, a king of Spain should be a trained soldier, a politician of ability, well read in history at least, a competent critic of the arts, a man familiar with social questions, and, besides, a stately gentleman; and how to make him all these things almost before his life has really commenced, must be a rare perplexity. Something may be done, no doubt, by the regular device of substituting tutors for books, living dictionaries for dead ones, and pouring into the mind results without the processes by which they are usually attained; but the system is "the royal road," and speed is purchased by the sacrifice of mental discipline, and by the reduction of opportunities for mental effort. The position helps

a little, for a lad-king, unless incompetent by nature, or made frivolous by surroundings, can hardly fail to "take an interest" in his soldiers, in the governing men around him, in his subjects, and in the great topics which cannot be kept, even when that is intended, out of courts. You learn rapidly what you care about, and we know that Louis XIV. became, under no other pressure, a sort of professor of royalty, and that his great-grandson, also a child-king, was spoiled by the inherent tendency of his character towards vice, rather than by want either of capacity or knowledge. (It is curious to remember that Louis XV. was almost throughout his reign a working king, and never fell into the hands of any minister.) Still, the difficulty of the task of training must be enormous, as great as if we had to make of a lad, while still under age, a fair soldier, a good barrister, and a competent manager of estates; and in the absence of special gifts, we should be inclined to anticipate failure. Nature smiles at us all with the irony of absolute power, and the next king of Spain may be a great man, able to make a deep impression on history; but if he is, it will be by virtue of that power of governing which of all powers seems to be the most independent of education, and which historians even now hardly define or describe. It lies somewhere in the nature rather than the mind, though all successful rulers have clearness of insight, a perception of the relation between their means and their ends—this, no doubt, is affected by training, though mere training will not give it—and the gift of understanding the powers as well as the characters of those about them, a variety of insight by no means common. Women, who usually understand character, constantly make egregious mistakes in their marriages through their misreading of their favorites' powers.

The difficulty of training kings must be indefinitely increased by the want of a clear ideal. No one that we can recollect has defined successfully what a modern king should be like—in mind, we mean—and this failure is not confined to the philosophers. Princes themselves, as they appear in memoirs, are either without ideals, or set before themselves some one king as a model for imitation. Victor Emmanuel, one of the most successful kings of our time, never, it is said, ceased to consider his father his political exemplar; and all who can read may hear the German emperor at least three times a

week declaring that his ideal is his grandfather, whose chief royal faculty, which supplied every defect and carried him to the top of the world, was insight into men, a faculty which, unhappily, is incommunicable. In truth, it is very difficult, with all aid from the lights of history, to think out what manner of mind one would desire an ideal king to possess. The judicial mind, it is suggested, self-controlled, open to the teaching of evidence, incapable of rancor, unmoved by passion; and no doubt there is in modern monarchy much of the judicial position, and a man who might be a good judge would also make a good "constitutional" king. Sir Henry Maine would have reigned well in England, and successive Cabinets would often have felt it a relief to take his carefully concealed opinion. Unequalled influence and perfect irresponsibility would exactly have suited him, and so brought out his powers that in a long reign he would probably never have made a mistake. But then, there is only one monarchy of that sort, and if the king is to govern, to act quickly, to run risks, and to seize happy moments for adventure—all things necessary, say, to the three emperors and the kings of Italy and Spain—something more than the judicial capacities would seem to be required. There was certainly something more in the emperor Frederick, who was in many ways the most ideally kingly man of our time, but who was so because, besides so much else, there was a Hohenzollern *bite* in him, a possibility of sharp and angry action, which his biographers, Mr. Rennell Rodd included, are all tempted by their pity for his fate to overlook. The scholar does not do as the ideal, scholars not being necessarily efficient, though, as literary men are the distributors of fame, scholarly kings are usually admired. We do not know that Sweden is much the happier because her king is a poet; fancy that there was more kingliness in the emperor William than in his brother and predecessor; and would much rather see Queen Victoria reigning than Queen "Carmen." The wide-minded officer of engineers, the officer who is cultivated, and who may possess a certain loftiness of character, is a very good ideal, and has struck all Frenchmen in particular in a very curious way. But we are not sure that the best type of all is not the king himself, though he is so difficult to describe,—the man with a certain royalty of nature which is consistent with much or little ability, but is inconsistent with smallness of any kind, whether of view, or

action, or temper. The man nearest that ideal in our cycle was probably Lord William Bentinck, though, like his great prototype, William III., he lacked the graciousness a king should have; and Baron Ricasoli must have come very near it. So did Mazzini, strangely enough, though he was rather high priest than king; and of all men living among us, so does Lord Hartington, though the last lacks something which we misdescribe in using the

only word for it, pliability. On the whole, we should say, though we did not expect to do so, that the best ideal happens to have been a king, and that if kings were makable, the wiser part of the world would probably make one as like the emperor Frederick as they could reach. But then, training a Bourbon into an emperor Frederick is work not only for a Mentor, but for a Mentor who, when he cast his skin, revealed himself divine.

**ELEPHANTS AT WORK.**—For a fortnight the employés about the arsenal in Central Park have been occupied with the preparation of the winter quarters of the animals in the menagerie. The tank in the lion-house has been enlarged, so that it will afford room for the hippopotami, which begin to find their outdoor bath unpleasant of a keen, frosty morning. The prairie dogs are getting ready to retire for the winter, the black bears are becoming sluggish, and the polar bears correspondingly active when a sharp northwest wind blows and the sky and the air are wintry. The most active animals in the course of these preparations have been the elephants. Three young elephants which have been in the menagerie during the summer were secured by Director Conklin for four years. They are the property of Cole, the old circus proprietor, and were with Barnum's animals last year in Bridgeport when the big fire destroyed so large a portion of the collection. These animals escaped uninjured, though badly scared by the conflagration. These elephants were taken about twenty years ago, when they were only a few years old, and have passed most of their lives in captivity. Their ages are about twenty-five years each, which in the elephant's career is the full period of youth. The two males, Tom and Billy, are the largest, but Jennie, the female, is by far the most intelligent and tractable. The keeper of the elephants says that she knows everything that is said to her; she will follow him about, if permitted, like an immense Newfoundland dog. The elephants average in weight nearly five thousand pounds apiece, and their sides have become round and fat during the summer from eating great quantities of fresh Central Park grass. In the winter these animals are kept in a large outer building in the menagerie, but during the summer they remain almost all the time in the open air, and have become acclimated and able to endure extremely severe weather without taking cold. The only way of tethering these enormous animals is by fastening a heavy chain around the ankle of one foot and attaching the end of the chain to a staple deeply imbedded in the ground. This answers all ordinary purposes,

but by putting forth a small portion of their enormous strength, they can readily snap the massive links of iron.

The tremendous strength which these animals are capable of putting forth cannot be realized until it is seen. The keeper says that any one of the elephants has the strength of a dozen horses. When they exert this power they suggest some enormous engine which has become endowed with life instead of moving mechanically by steam power. Whenever any heavy weight is to be moved about the arsenal the elephants are employed. The keeper has a short hook which he uses like a spur, directing the animal by a touch on the trunk. Last week a frame building was to be removed to another part of the grounds. It was a small two-story structure partly filled with grain and implements, making a weight of twelve or fifteen tons. With some difficulty the workmen raised the huge mass on rollers. The elephant Jennie was then brought up to push. She would place her great head against the structure and brace herself; then the building would strain and creak and move on as rapidly as the rollers could be placed in position. Jennie and her keeper would follow it up, and she would bend her head to give the building another push when the foreman shouted "Ready!" The crowd which collected to watch the spectacle cheered their admiration, and Jennie would reply with a trumpet-like snort of pleasure at their appreciation.

**NOTWITHSTANDING** the considerable difficulties which have been met with in the digging of a canal to connect the Obi with the Yenisei, and the want of money for the completion of the undertaking, the work of connecting the two great arteries of navigation in Siberia is still advancing. In the summer of the present year a boat fifty-six feet long and fourteen feet wide, taking three and a half feet of water, was drawn from the Obi into the Yenisei with a load of forty tons of flour. The two rivers are six hundred and thirty miles apart.

Nature.







# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1889.

*The following is a partial list of the features which will appear during the coming year:*

**THE RAILWAY ARTICLES.** During the year these articles, which have helped to bring 25,000 new readers to the Magazine, will be continued. **GEN. E. P. ALEXANDER** will write of "Railway Management;" **EX-POSTMASTER-GENERAL THOMAS L. JAMES**, of "The Railway Postal Service;" **W. S. CHAPLIN**, of "Railway Accidents;" and an article will appear on Safety Appliances, all strikingly illustrated.

**THE SERIAL.** **ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S** serial novel, "**THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE**," which was begun in the November number, will continue through the greater part of 1889. It is the strongest and most remarkable romance he has written; and its masterly character drawing, with its stirring adventure and the continuous and changing excitement of its plot, will increase his already great circle of readers. Illustrated in each number by William Hole.

**THE END PAPERS.** The brief final papers which during 1888 have been contributed by **MR. STEVENSON**, and have made so many readers turn with special enjoyment to the last pages of the Magazine, will be replaced in 1889 by a not less noteworthy series, contributed this time by different authors from among the most brilliant writers. **MR. THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH** writes the first for the January number.

**ON ART SUBJECTS.** An unpublished correspondence relating to **JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET** and a famous group of modern French Painters will furnish the substance of several articles, with new and interesting illustrations; a paper by **T. S. PERRY**, upon the recent extraordinary discovery of Græco-Egyptian Painted Portraits at Fayoum, Egypt, describes one of the most important "finds" in the history of art; **MR. CLARENCE COOK'S** paper on Natural Forms in Ornament; **MR. NAKAGAWA'S** on Dramatic Art in Japan, and **MR. WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS'S** on Japanese Art Symbols, the illustrative material for these two having been especially prepared in Japan.

**ON BOOKS AND AUTHORS.** Among the articles is one on **SIR WALTER SCOTT'S** methods of work, apropos of the collection of his proof-sheets belonging to the **HON. ANDREW D. WHITE**; a paper on the Homes and Haunts of Charles Lamb; a second "Shelf of Old Books," by **MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS**, all fully illustrated.

**PHOTOGRAPHY, ELECTRICITY, MINING.** Among the most interesting papers for the year will be a remarkable article by **PROF. JOHN TROWBRIDGE**, of Harvard University, upon the wonderful developments of Photography—elaborately and curiously illustrated. Also a group upon Electricity in its most recent applications, by eminent authorities; a remarkable article on Deep Mining, with unique illustrations from photographs taken by magnesium flash light and other interesting papers.

**SHORT STORIES** will be a feature of **SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE** in future as in the past. Among the authors who will write are **H. C. BUNNER**, **SARAH ORNE JEWETT**, **OCTAVE THANET**, **T. R. SULLIVAN**, **ROBERT GRANT**, **GEORGE H. JESSOP**, **MARGARET CROSBY**, **J. E. CURRAN**, **BRANDER MATTHEWS**, and many new writers.

**SUBSCRIBE NOW,  
BEGINNING WITH CHRISTMAS  
NUMBER.**

**TERMS:** { \$3.00 a Year;  
25c. a Number.

**SPECIAL OFFER** to cover numbers for 1888, including all the **RAILWAY ARTICLES:**

A year's subscription (1889) and the numbers for 1888, - - - - - \$4.50

A year's subscription (1889) and the two cloth-bound volumes for 1888, - - - 6.00

"SCRIBNER'S has many novelties and surprises to offer its readers in its short and memorable history, but the chief of them perhaps is the admirable skill and intelligence with which its high level has not only been maintained but CONSTANTLY ADVANCED."

—N. Y. Times, Oct. 25, 1888.

**CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,**

**743 Broadway, New York.**

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.



IN 1889 THE LIVING AGE enters upon its forty-sixth year. Improved in the outset by Judge Story, Chancellor Kent, President Adams, historians Sparks, Prescott, Ticknor, Bancroft, and many others, it has met with constant commendation and success.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE, it gives fifty-two numbers of sixty-four pages each, or more than Three and a Quarter Thousand double-column octavo pages of reading-matter yearly. It presents in an inexpensive form, considering its great amount of matter, with freshness, owing to its weekly issue, and with a completeness nowhere else attempted,

The best Essays, Reviews, Criticisms, Tales, Sketches of Travel and Discovery, Poetry, Scientific, Biographical, Historical, and Political Information, from the entire body of Foreign Periodical Literature, and from the pens of

## The Foremost Living Writers.

The ablest and most cultivated intellects, in every department of Literature, Science, Politics, and Art, find expression in the Periodical Literature of Europe, and especially of Great Britain.

The Living Age, forming four large volumes a year, furnishes from the great and generally inaccessible mass of this literature the only compilation that, while within the reach of all, is satisfactory in the COMPLETENESS with which it embraces whatever is of immediate interest, or of solid, permanent value.

It is therefore indispensable to every one who wishes to keep pace with the events or intellectual progress of the time, or to cultivate in himself or his family general intelligence and literary taste.

## OPINIONS.

"No man who understands the worth and value of this sterling publication would think of doing without it. . . Nowhere else can be found such a comprehensive and perfect view of the best literature and thought of our times. Every article is an apple of gold in a picture of silver. It furnishes to all the means to keep themselves intelligently abreast of the time."—*Christian at Work, New York.*

"It is a living picture of the age on its literary side. It was never brighter, fresher, or more worthy of its wide patronage. . . To glance at its table of contents is in itself an inspiration. . . No man will be behind the literature of the times who reads THE LIVING AGE."—*Zion's Herald, Boston.*

"Perennial in its attractions for the intelligent reader. It is one of those few publications, weekly or monthly which seem indispensable. The only possible objection that could be urged to it is the immense amount of reading it gives. . . There is nothing noteworthy in science, art, literature, biography, philosophy, or religion, that cannot be found in it. It is a library in itself. Such a publication exhausts our superlatives."—*The Churchman, New York.*

"Replete with all the treasures of the best current thought, the best fiction, and the best poetry of the day. . . It stands unrivalled."—*The Presbyterian, Phila.*

"The more valuable to a man, the longer he takes it. He comes to feel that he cannot live without it."—*New-York Evangelist.*

"Years of acquaintance with its weekly issues have impressed us more and more with a sense of its value and importance in an age when knowledge has increased beyond all precedent, and the multiplication of publications of all sorts makes it impossible for any one to keep up with the current. By the careful and judicious work put into the editing of THE LIVING AGE, it is made possible for the busy man to know something of what is going on with ever increasing activity in the world of letters. Without such help he is lost."—*Episcopal Recorder, Philadelphia.*

"Through its pages alone it is possible to be as well informed in current literature as by the perusal of a long list of monthlies."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"The readers miss very little that is important in the periodical domain."—*Boston Journal.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY at \$8.00 a year, free of postage.

## CLUB PRICES FOR THE BEST HOME AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

["Possessed of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, and of one or other of our vivacious American monthlies, a subscriber will find himself in command of the whole situation."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*]

For \$10.50, THE LIVING AGE and any one of the four-dollar monthly magazines (or *Harper's Weekly* or *Bazar*) will be sent for a year, with postage prepaid on both; or, for \$9.50, THE LIVING AGE and the *St. Nicholas* or *Scribner's Magazine*, postpaid.

ADDRESS

LITTELL & CO., 31 Bedford St., Boston.

"One of the few periodicals worth keeping in a library. . . It maintains its leading position in spite of the multitude of aspirants for public favor."—*New-York Observer.*

"Its value can hardly be reckoned in dollars and cents. A repository of the best thought of the best writers of our day and generation."—*Boston Commonwealth.*

"Biography, fiction, science, criticism, history, poetry, travels, whatever men are interested in, all are found here."—*The Watchman, Boston.*

"It may be truthfully and cordially said that it never offers a dry or valueless page."—*New-York Tribune.*

"It is edited with great skill and care, and its weekly appearance gives it certain advantages over its monthly rivals."—*Albany Argus.*

"It saves much labor for busy people who wish to keep themselves well informed upon the questions of the day."—*The Advance, Chicago.*

"Still holds its foremost place."—*Troy Times.*

"Continually increases in value."—*Every Evening Wilmington, Del.*

"It furnishes a complete compilation of an indispensable literature."—*Chicago Evening Journal.*

"Recent numbers show the wide range of thought and careful discrimination of editorship which have so long distinguished it. . . For the amount of reading-matter contained the subscription is extremely low."—*Christian Advocate, Nashville.*

"It enables its readers to keep fully abreast of the best thought and literature of civilization."—*Christian Advocate, Pittsburgh.*

"In this weekly magazine the reader finds all that is worth knowing in the realm of current literature. . . As a weekly record of the literary and scientific progress of the age it is indispensable."—*Canada Presbyterian, Toronto.*

"Rarely, indeed, will the seeker of what is most noteworthy in periodical literature be disappointed if he turns to THE LIVING AGE. . . Coming once a week, it gives, while yet fresh, the productions of the foremost writers of the day. . . It is a reflection, as its name implies, of the best life and thought of the age, and as such is indispensable to all who would keep abreast of our manifold progress. . . It is absolutely without a rival."—*Montreal Gazette.*